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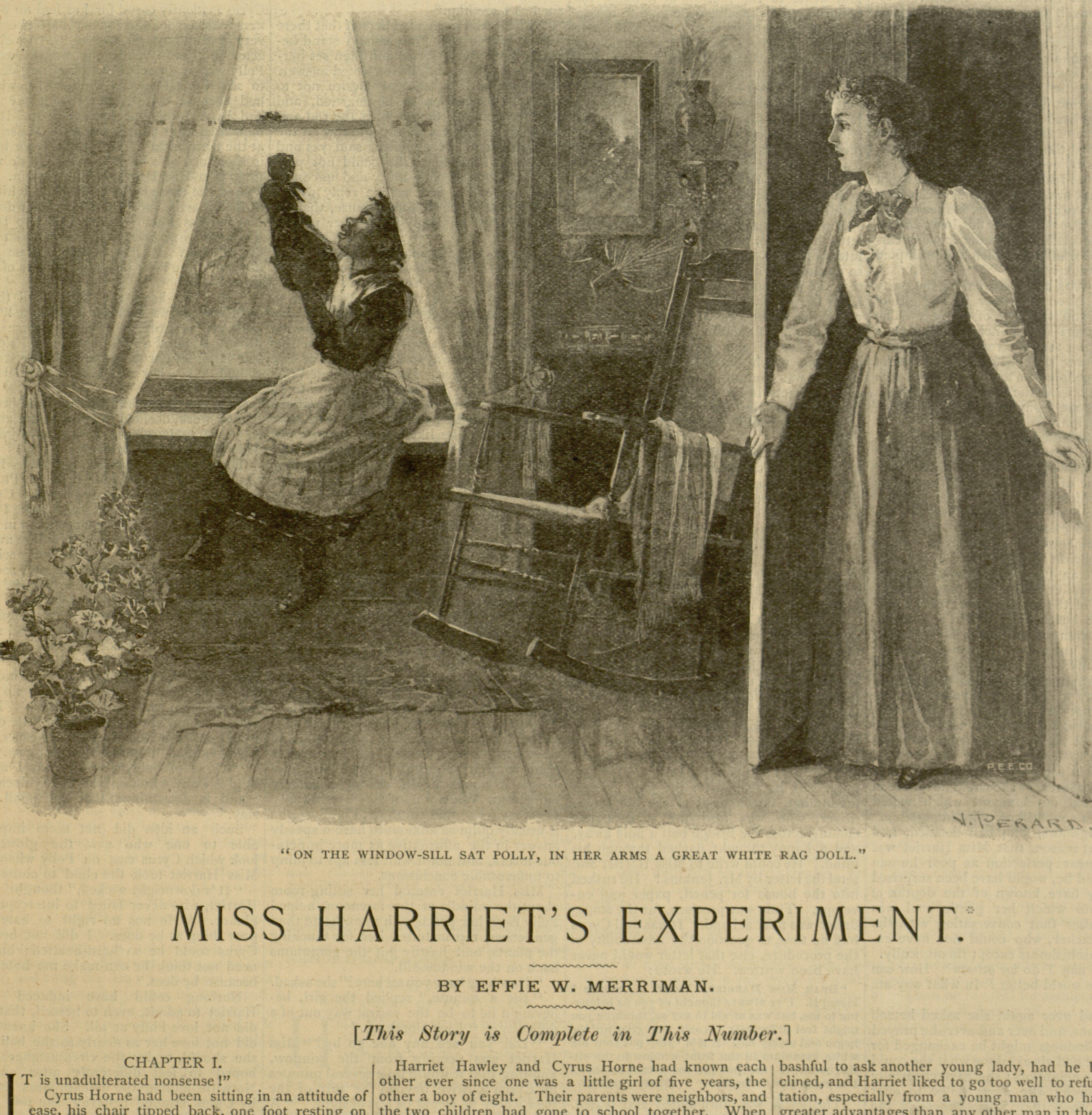

"ON THE WINDOW-SILL SAT POLLY, IN HER ARMS A GREAT WHITE RAG DOLL."

MISS HARRIET'S EXPERIMENT.*

BY EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

"IT is unadulterated nonsense!"

Cyrus Horne had been sitting in an attitude of ease, his chair tipped back, one foot resting on his knee, and his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets; but, to give greater emphasis to his remark, he brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a bang, set his two great feet squarely in front of him, spread his horny hands on his knees, and glared at Miss Harriet from under stiff bushy eyebrows.

"You can say so because you worship your skin as an idolater worships his graven images," replied Miss Harriet, hotly. "If a negro could be bleached to a yellow-brown"—with a contemptuous glance at Cy's weather-beaten visage—"you would then condescend to treat him as a Christian should treat a human being."

"There's no use wasting time in unprofitable argument," rejoined Cyrus, with no less warmth, as he arose abruptly from his chair. "I suppose you are bent on having your own way; but I'll tell you this one thing: If you adopt that nigger, you don't marry me. That's sure as shooting!"

Cyrus stalked out of the house, and Miss Harriet stared after him in dismay, and for a good half-hour neither recalled the fact that, though they had been "keeping company" for more than twenty years, this was the first time that marriage had been mentioned between them.

Harriet Hawley and Cyrus Horne had known each other ever since one was a little girl of five years, the other a boy of eight. Their parents were neighbors, and the two children had gone to school together. When they graduated from the old, unpainted school-house, Cyrus was sent for a year to an agricultural college in a neighboring city, and Harriet spent a year in a boarding-school for young ladies, a little farther away. Cyrus returned without the loss of one degree of his bashfulness, and Harriet retained her maidenly modesty undiminished and with some added touches of reserve.

Cyrus went to farming on the old homestead, and Harriet helped her mother about the house.

Soon after the return of the young people, a party was given in their honor. It was expected that Cyrus would escort Harriet, and he did; and from that day the two were set apart by common consent as belonging exclusively to each other. No young man would have stooped to the dishonor of trying to "cut Cyrus out," for the young men of that day and in that neighborhood had strict ideas of honor in love, which would be sneered at by young men of to-day. When it was decided that a young man had a proprietary right to a young lady, he would be safe from interference until all their little world knew that there was no longer any reason why the young lady should not accept the attentions of another. This could only be known by her refusal of the young man's attentions or by his inviting some other lady to one of the merry-makings of the neighborhood. Cyrus was too bashful to ask another young lady, had he been so inclined, and Harriet liked to go too well to refuse an invitation, especially from a young man who had enjoyed greater advantages than any other man in the neighborhood. The queerest part to an observer, the most aggravating to her, was that she never had any invitation at all. Cyrus was too bashful to ask for the pleasure of her company, and had acquired a habit of calling for Harriet without having made a previous arrangement; and she soon learned to expect him when she heard that there was going to be a merry-making to which the other young people were going. She rebelled inwardly because Cyrus did not go through the form of suing for a privilege, but knew of no way to put her rebellion into words without seeming to compromise her maidenly dignity. Had she received invitations from other young men, as many betrothed girls do now, she could soon have taught Cyrus a valuable lesson; but she did not. She derived a measure of comfort by never being ready when Cyrus called to take her out, consoling herself with the thought that, at least, he could not say that she expected him. But Cyrus soon formed a habit of calling early enough to give her time to dress.

"Ready for the party, Harriet?" he would say.

"Didn't know I was going," she would reply, with a blush.

Then she would hasten to her room to make preparations, and Cyrus would spend the time dreaming of a day when he and Harriet would start from their own home

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to the merry-makings; but, notwithstanding the pleasure which these dreams afforded him, he could never force himself to run the risk of trying to make them reality.

Time sped. Cyrus buried his father; his sisters and brothers found homes of their own, and he was left alone with his mother. Harriet buried both parents, and, although her only brother offered her a home with him, she decided to remain on the farm, and hired a man and his wife to assist her. She preferred to be independent, she said to Cyrus, who had come over fully prepared to offer her a home and a husband's love. She was so desirous that he should not think she had refused her brother's offer on account of any feeling she might entertain for Cyrus, that the tone of voice in which she made this remark was much more metallic and decisive than she meant it should be. Poor Cyrus had never laughed over the story of the darkey who had committed his first theft, and was so uncomfortable over a silver dollar which seemed to be burning a hole in his pocket, that he could not keep still in church, but hastened to put up the following petition: "Oh, Lord, if any black liar tells You that this nigger stole any money, don't You b'lieve it!" or he might have suspected the reason that led Miss Harriet to so prompt and uncalled-for a declaration of independence. As it was, his fears once more gained mastery over his love, and he returned to his home without having carried out the resolution which had prompted that mid-week visit.

Twenty years had passed since the party had been given in honor of the girl of seventeen and the boy of twenty. The merry-makings of the neighborhood had long since lost their charm to our friends, and were now kept up by the children of the young people who had welcomed Cyrus and Harriet with the honors due friends who had gone away from home to finish their education.

Cyrus still called regularly at Miss Harriet's home, but now most of their time was spent in quiet discussion of the farmers' prospects or of such events of the day as were chronicled in the *Weekly News*. Sometimes they went riding, and they always went to church together. Both were church members, so secure in the belief that the religion they professed would save them from an unpleasant hereafter, that, for years, neither doubts nor fears as to the excellence of the life they led arose to disturb them; but one day, about a year before the opening of our story, Miss Harriet reached the uncomfortable conclusion that life was really not worth living. She confided this strange cause of disquiet to the new pastor, a complacent young fellow, who had not yet preached his first half-hundred sermons, and was told that the reason of it lay in her selfishness. She must learn to live for others; she must do some good in the world; she must sacrifice her own pleasures, or she could never reach that spiritual development which would render such conclusions quite impossible.

The neighbors, who had decided, and not without reason, that Miss Harriet was about as near perfection as poor human nature could be, would have been surprised could they have known of the depths of despair into which her gentle soul was plunged after that conversation with the young preacher, who could not have explained unselfishness except theoretically.

"What can I do for others? How can I make the world better? In what way am I selfish?"

Over and over again she asked herself the questions, and over and over she prayed that her blindness might be exchanged for sight. She had always done what she could to help her neighbors; she gave cheerfully to the church; she never failed to offer assistance when there was sickness in the neighborhood, and she was so good a nurse that her offer was seldom refused; a little corner of her farm was set aside, the profits from which were always divided equally between the poor in a neighboring city and the heathen in a foreign land. What else could she do? At first she thought she ought to go as a missionary; but she was not successful as a teacher; besides, it would be very hard to leave the old home, and not easy to give up Cyrus's weekly visits. She deprecated her lack of strength in that direction as sure proof of the selfishness of which she had been accused, and made a firm resolution to mortify her spirit—in a different direction.

While most grievously vexed over this problem, it happened that an article on "The Negro" in the *Weekly News* caught her eye, and she became interested. It was written by a university girl, who had more fine rhetoric than experience to draw upon, and filled the soul of our friend with compassion, for a race which was struggling against fearful odds to climb the ladder which leads to culture and social recognition.

> "Every good woman should make it a part of her religion," she read, "to take into her home one, at least, of the little children of this despised race, and then the question: 'What shall we do with the negro?' would no longer be troublesome, but would solve itself, as our Lord intended all questions to be solved."

Miss Harriet was inclined to accept all she read without criticism and, on this occasion, did not do violence to her inclinations. She did not even raise a question as to the writer's knowledge of the Lord's intentions regarding questions in political economy, but carefully cut out the article and pasted it into her scrap-book, feeling that it had served to set her duty plainly before her. She went to her desk at once, and wrote to the matron of a home for children, that she should be glad to have a poor little negro girl to care for. The letter was mailed at once, then she set herself to the task of convincing herself that she was very glad she could not recall it. In all her life, Miss Harriet had not seen half a dozen negroes, and those she had seen had not impressed her favorably. In fact, she had felt a little fear on meeting full-grown specimens of the race; but she told herself that it was because they had not been given the privileges of a home in the house of some good white woman, and that, with a little child, she should feel very differently.

It was not until several days after the letter had gone, that she told Cyrus of her intention. By this time, she had become so enthusiastic over her new mission in life, that she was quite prepared to take offense if her friends failed to enter into her plan with equal enthusiasm. She even had serious thoughts of adopting the little girl, believing that, if she bore her name, she could do much better by her, and this thought was communicated to Cyrus along with the facts in the case. It produced a most unfavorable impression, as is proven by the conversation quoted at the opening of this story.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Harriet, after a half-hour of thought, "if that don't beat the world! One would think, to hear him, that I had been begging him to let me marry him!"

A little red spot burned on either cheek, her eyes blazed angrily, and Mrs. Benton, the wife of the hired man, who happened to pass through the room at that moment, wondered that she had never before noticed how pretty Miss Harriet was.

By the time Cyrus reached home, he had become calm enough to realize what he had said, also what he had not said.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "What a fool I have made of myself! That speech calls for an explanation, as sure as my name is Cyrus Horne!"

So far so good; but who was to make the explanation? The very thought made Cyrus hot and cold at the same moment and drove the perspiration out of every pore. As he leaned on the gate in deep meditation, he chanced to see the stage-driver, who was also the mail-carrier, coming across the bridge half a mile away, and a happy thought flashed through his mind. He could write to Miss Harriet and send the letter by Mr. Jenkins! He rushed into the house for pencil, paper and envelope. Time was precious, for the stage-driver was near at hand. It was well Cyrus had no time to question the advisability of the procedure, else that letter would never have been written. He wrote:

> "DEAR MISS HARRIET: I said it because I meant it. I've always thought of you as belonging to me, but was afraid to say so, thinking you might feel differently. Won't you give up the negro and marry me? If it's 'yes,' put your big white geranium in the front window in the sitting-room; if 'no,' put the red geranium there. I'm going past to-morrow. CYRUS HORNE."

The letter was duly folded and sealed. Mr. Jenkins was at the door. Cyrus hastily scrawled "Dear Harriet," on the envelope and handed it to the stage-driver.

"Give this to Miss Hawley, please," he said, not meeting the stage-driver's eye or giving a second glance at the letter. All his attention was directed toward the little black specimen of humanity sitting beside Mr. Jenkins, with a card addressed to Miss Harriet Hawley sewed to the front of her dress.

Mr. Jenkins smiled as he handed Polly out at Miss Hawley's door; he smiled again as he gave the letter to its owner, with the question:

"Do you s'pose that belongs to you?"

Miss Harriet read the inscription, blushed and without a word led her new charge into the house. Mrs. Benton was off on a long visit to a married daughter, so Harriet put the letter into her pocket, unopened, while she washed Polly and gave her something to eat before putting her to bed. But long after Polly was asleep and the stars had resumed their vigil she sat in the dark by the open window with the letter in her hand.

"I have put my hand to the plow," she thought, "and it would be a sin for me to turn back. I—I almost wish I had undertaken something else; she is a frightful little thing! I wonder how long it will be before I can kiss her? I must learn to love her if I would do her any good. The writer said: 'Take them into your home,' not adopt them. I never agreed to adopt her, but said to Cyrus that I thought of doing so. I suppose he took it for more than it was worth. I'm sure he would not object to my giving a home to Polly. He would not want me to turn back, having put my hand to the plow, especially when he comes to know how near I came to being a missionary and going where he could never see me again! I'll tell him about that as soon as I see him."

Miss Harriet persuaded herself that there was no reason why Polly should stand between herself and Cyrus, and then set herself to think about the expected answer. She had a strong maidenly desire not to appear too anxious to be married, and finally concluded to put both the red and the white geranium in the window on the following day. If a person said yes and no at the same time, she could not possibly be accused of a hasty and unconditional surrender, and such a reply would tell any man with common sense, that he was at liberty to apply for further particulars.

Early in the morning the plants were placed on the window-sill, and very shortly afterward they were removed by the busy Polly, who wanted the window-sill for a seat. Miss Harriet was at work in the kitchen and knew nothing of the exchange.

Cyrus usually passed the house in the afternoon on his way to a farm which he was working on shares. He superintended the men at work on his own farm in the forenoon, and on the other farm in the afternoon, because he had discovered that Miss Harriet was quite likely to be sitting by a front window early in the afternoon, where she could bow to her friends, should they chance to pass. On this day, however, he was possessed by an unusual restlessness, which impelled him to go to the rented farm quite early in the morning. His heart beat with uncomfortable celerity as he neared Miss Harriet's house. There, on the window-sill sat Polly, in her arms a great, white rag doll dressed in a bright-red flannel petticoat, which she had found in the same closet from which she took the clean sheet to roll into a doll.

Cyrus saw the red and white, and his eyes flamed angrily.

"She mocks me!" he exclaimed, hurrying past the house. "She may keep her nigger until doomsday, for all I care!"

After surprising his help by an exhibition of temper, which no one supposed he possessed, Cyrus went home by another road, firmly resolved never to go past Miss Harriet's house again unless positively obliged to. When a man has been twenty years trying to find courage to propose, he is usually quite as anxious to have a speedy answer in the affirmative as more impetuous lovers, and not a whit less apt to jump to unfavorable conclusions.

Miss Harriet entered her sitting-room about the middle of the forenoon, helped Polly from her perch with more haste than gentleness, reprimanded her for touching the plants, and hastily put the geraniums back on the window-sill.

"How long have you sat here?" she asked.

"Jist a minute," replied the girl, believing a lie to be the easiest way out of a difficulty. "I jist clomb up."

"Did you see any one go by?" Miss Harriet was peering from the window, knowing that it would take several minutes for Cyrus to drive beyond the turn of the road where he would be out of sight. "A rather good-looking man with brown beard? Not a very old man?"

"Hain't seen but one pusson go by," replied Miss Polly. "He war an ole critter, with squint eyes an' gray whiskers. He walked scrooching."

Miss Harriet breathed easier. Polly had evidently seen old Mr. Barnes. How could she know that the sharp black eyes would detect gray in a beard that still looked brown to her; that fine, gray, near-sighted eyes could be characterized as "squint eyes" by an unappreciative negro girl, or that any child was capable of inventing a style of walk for a person whom she had only seen riding?

"I might have known he would not pass at this time of day," she thought; "and I am glad he hasn't. I should not like to have had him see Polly sitting in the window. Not that it would make any great difference, had not Mr. Jenkins seen what was written on that letter. Cyrus was always dreadfully absent-minded. I'll show him that envelope some day."

Miss Harriet's heart was very light for several hours, but gradually became heavier as the day advanced and Cyrus did not appear. She was sure he had not driven by, for she had watched by the window until long past the hour when he usually drove past; and she could see no reason, so she told herself with heightened color, why he should not go at least as early as usual on this day of all others. She would have been glad had his anxiety to know his fate brought him fully an hour ahead of time. She had not wasted the precious hours in getting dinner; the hired man was helping a neighbor, and she gave Polly a bowl of bread and milk and promised her a fine supper, as a sedative to conscience.

Supper-time arrived, and Miss Harriet went into the kitchen, declaring that a man who cared no more for a woman than Cyrus evidently cared for her had no business with a wife, and for her part she was very glad to have discovered his true character in time. While she was at work, Polly was again seized with a strong desire to seat herself on the window sill, which had become doubly attractive since she had been forbidden to occupy it. It so happened that Cyrus had but just arrived at the conclusion that he might have been in too much of a hurry, and would do well to go past Miss Harriet's house again. He wished the thought had occurred to him a little earlier in the day, but did not doubt that, unless Miss Harriet meant to treat him with scorn, he should find the plant in the window. He reached the house just in time to see Polly in full possession of the window-sill.

"She can keep that little devil there until she grows fast, for all I care!" he muttered, angrily, turning his horse and driving home at a furious pace. "I s'pose she didn't let her move an inch, for fear I shouldn't see her with that red and white rag!"

Polly saw Cyrus, and, after a little shrewd mental work, decided to say nothing about it. She replaced the flowers and joined Miss Harriet in the kitchen.

The days became weeks, and Miss Harriet was very lonely, in spite of Polly's efforts to keep her fully employed. Cyrus had not crossed her threshold since Polly came. She had spent many hours in trying to decide just what had kept him away, and finally concluded that he had decided not to pass the house at all after seeing Polly with the stage driver, or else he had not understood what she meant by putting both pots of flowers in the window.

She could not believe that he had seen Polly there, for close questioning only made the child more emphatic in her statement that she had sat on the window-sill but a minute, and had seen no one but the man she had described. Miss Harriet could not believe that a little child would tell a deliberate lie more especially when she had no motive for doing so.

"Cyrus probably guessed that I mean to give Polly a home," she finally decided, "and is determined that she shall not stay."

Such an idea did not seem improbable to one who saw the glowering look which Cyrus cast on Polly whenever Miss Harriet took the child to church.

"It's downright wicked," thought Miss Harriet, who never failed to intercept the glance. "He has no right to hate the poor thing as he does. I did not believe Cyrus could be so hard-hearted; but he need not think he can make me hate her because he does."

Nothing could have induced Miss Harriet to admit, even to herself, that she did not love Polly at all. She knew she did not love her as dearly as she believed she should, under the circumstances, but hoped to feel differently after awhile. Notwithstanding the unhappiness caused by Cyrus' strange behavior, she was honestly trying to do what seemed to be her duty by the child who had come between them. It was a hard task, and Miss Harriet found herself forced to abandon many theories about child-culture which she had cherished for years, and had sometimes aired for the benefit of mothers of unruly children. She now said, doubtfully, that they might be successful if applied to white children, but that, if all colored children were like Polly, all the laws of child-government that had ever been made would have to be revised to be successful! But, strange as it may seem, the more difficult Polly was to deal with, the more determined it made Miss Harriet not to fail in her duty. The secret wish that she had not sent for Polly only served to make her more conscientious in her treatment of the troublesome creature. She became morbid with fear that her love for Cyrus and her growing dislike for Polly might tend to make her unjust in her criticisms and false to her trust. There were times when the child acted more like a mischievous monkey than a human being, and then Miss Harriet shrank from her with a feeling that she could not analyze. She could not have whipped Polly for her many misdemeanors any more than she could have beaten a dumb brute that could not speak in its own behalf. The neighbors who suffered from Polly's pranks were of the opinion that Miss Harriet was much too tender-hearted to bring up such a child, and that Polly ought to be taken away from her and sent to the reform school; but no one liked to mention it to her, for all believed she must love the girl, strange as it seemed, or she could not be so patient with her.

One Sunday, Miss Harriet was surprised to see Cyrus coming toward her after church as if he meant to speak. She stooped and busied herself with the ribbons on Polly's hat, which always needed arranging, thus giving Cyrus an opportunity to speak, if he wished, without seeming to do so purposely.

"I should be greatly obliged, Miss Hawley," he said, coldly, "if you would keep that imp at home."

"Has she been annoying you, Mr. Horne? I did not know she had been so far from home."

"She got into our pantry, no one knows how, and jumped out at mother, nearly frightening her to death. If I had been near enough to catch her I should have given her something to remember."

Polly giggled at the remembrance of an episode that had given her great delight; and poor Miss Hawley looked sorely distressed. Cyrus was sorry for her in a moment, and his voice was softer as he said:

"Miss Harriet, when you are ready to give this up as a bad job," with a jerk of his thumb in Polly's direction, "I shall be very glad to know it."

Miss Harriet turned without speaking and walked slowly toward home; and not until several minutes had passed did awkward, blundering Cyrus realize that his well-meant speech contained an element of brutality.

Before going to bed that night, Miss Harriet went to the door as usual to call her dog, that always slept in the woodshed. To her surprise, he failed to respond, and finally she was obliged to leave him out and go to bed.

"He must have gone to a neighbor's house," she thought; "yet that is something he has never been known to do. I hope he will not be caught stealing sheep!"

There was no danger of that however, for poor Nero's life was ended. The next morning, on arising, Miss Harriet went to her window, hoping to see her pet. Her wish was granted. Nero was hanging, stiff and lifeless, from a branch of her favorite cherry-tree.

It was some time before the good lady could gain sufficient control over herself to dare to mention him to Polly, who, she was quite sure, was the cause of the death of her dog.

"Why has my work all been in vain?" she asked herself. "Am I not fit to be a servant of the Lord? Have I not tried faithfully enough? Is it to punish me because I have allowed more selfish thoughts to intrude? It must be that I have failed to sow the good seed when Polly's mind was in fit condition to receive it. I must try again and again."

Polly, sitting on a stool near by, looked very penitent. She was really sorry that she had hung the dog; it had been a most unexpected ending to one of her experiments. She had fully expected to cut him down in a few moments, but failed. It made her very unhappy and uncomfortable to be obliged to be sorry for anything.

"Polly," began Miss Harriet, seriously, "why did you kill poor Nero?"

Tears filled Miss Harriet's eyes as she spoke the name of her dog. Only the thought of the supremacy of a soul over a dog's life could have enabled her to forgive Polly and endure her presence another moment.

"I didn't know he'd die, Miss Harri't; 'fore the Lawd, I didn't."

Miss Harriet did not believe her.

"Polly," she said, "do you ever think of what I have told you about death and the punishment that awaits all who are not good?"

"Heaps of times, Miss Harri't."

"What do you think will become of a little girl who is wicked enough to hang the poor old dog her best friend loved so dearly?"

"Oh, Miss Harri't, it's jist no use!"

Polly appeared to be deeply affected, and the good lady's heart beat hopefully.

"I'm a done gone sinnah, an' dat's a fac'! When ole Satan gits a hol' on me, 'pears like I cayn't shake him off, nohow! When I tuck that dog, he peeked in my face—"

"You should have said 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' Don't you remember, dear?"

"I telled him ter git, but 'twan't no use! He grabbed me tighter, an' said: 'Hang the little speckled purp; he's done lived long 'nough!'"

"Why did you not pray for help?"

"'Tain't no use. Pears zif the Lawd's got clear 'scouraged."

"Perhaps you do not pray earnestly enough. You must make a full and free confession, and ask for help to do better. Suppose you pray, now."

Polly dropped to her knees as if she had been longing to do that very thing, and offered up the following petition:

"O Lawd! This nig is powe'ful wicked. Forgive me for hangin' Miss Harri't's dorg, an' forgive me for drownin' Granny Stone's cat, an' for pourin' hot water on the lilies, an' for puttin' a toad in the sugar-basin, an' for paintin' ole Brown's pig with tar, an' for pourin' 'lasses inter the preacher's hat, an' for lyin' ter Miss Harri't 'bout Cyrus Horne, an' for cuttin' his dog's tail off close behind the ears, an' for–"

Miss Harriet waited to hear no more, but quietly left the room. It was worse than she thought. Polly raised herself from her knees, after glancing furtively around the room to make sure that she was alone.

"It's gittin' mighty tame here," she said, then found her hat and stole out of the house. Half an hour later, she stood in the field beside Cyrus Horne. She did not waste many words expressing her wish.

"Gimme five dollars," she said, "an' I'll skip."

"And never come back?"

"Never!"

Cyrus gave her the money at once.

"If ever you do come back," he said, "I'll break every bone in your black little body!"

That evening, Cyrus made another mid-week call. He wished to sympathize with Miss Harriet on account of the loss she had sustained. In just three weeks, Miss Harriet Hawley and Mr. Cyrus Horne were married. In four weeks from the day she left, Polly returned, fully convinced that there were comforts in that little farmhouse which she had not appreciated during her former stay there. She found no one there, so concluded to go over to call on Mr. and Mrs. Horne.

Five years have passed, and Polly is there yet, very proud of her position as trusted housekeeper. At Mrs. Horne's earnest entreaty, Mr. Horne consented to take Polly in charge, and his vigorous treatment soon reduced that young lady to a gratifying state of docility. Every member of that household considers her a jewel now, and looks forward with dread to a time when she may leave them to keep a house of her own. "Miss Harriet" is happy in the thought that, after all, her experiment was not quite a failure.

THE END.

TRANSGRESSING THE LAW.*

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

Author of "The Great Kenton Feud," "Bel Rubio," "The Black Tiger," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[John Lee, a poor artist of Rainton, at nineteen a husband and soon to be a father, in anticipation of the interesting event, is on his way to Dr. Banning, when he stumbles over a vagabond, Tom Trott, buried in the snow near a stable, whom he revives and saves from freezing to death. Trott expresses gratitude for this act, but, left alone, is the vagabond again, and breaks into the stable. The owner, Raymond Ralston, surprises him, and covers him with a pistol, and finds that Lee has just been in company with Trott. Ralston displays violent emotion. As an outcome, Ralston, by threats of instant death, wrings from Trott the promise to swear, while professing to give State's evidence, that he and John Lee had together committed burglary on Ralston's stable; and, to fasten guilt upon Lee, articles belonging to Ralston are surreptitiously introduced into Lee's barn, where, next morning, they are found by the sheriff when he comes to arrest Lee. Lee is convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment on apparently overwhelming evidence of guilt. During the trial, Lee is astounded to recognize as his accusers Ralston and his handsome wife Carmen. It is evident that some mystery is connected with this trio. On hearing the startling announcement made in the courtroom that his wife Lydia died of shock after the birth of a daughter, Lee falls in a fit. Raymond Ralston looks at his wife, who returns the glance with one of singular expression as she says, in a low tone: "Yes, you're right, Raymond. I think we are about even, *now!*"

Ralston brings Lee's daughter home for adoption. Carmen is furious, but consents on the condition that Ralston will sign a paper binding him to absolute surrender of all legal rights over his wife. Seventeen years later, Lee escapes from prison in company with Trott, whom twice he has assaulted in prison, but who has gained his partial respect by disclosing the existence of a band of escaped convicts near at hand, which band welcomes all escaping prisoners.]

CHAPTER V.

THE DEATH OF AN OUTCAST.

HIDDEN away in the burrow of the thieves, John Lee had but a vague idea of the passage of time during that night. He fell asleep by the sleeping Trott, and was wakened at last by the groaning of his companion, whom he found to be awake, while a faint light struggled into the cavern, from a number of chinks in roof and walls, some of which communicated with the external air, and revealed the blue sky and a brilliant sun shining overhead.

John found that the keeper had taken his departure, leaving, beside the heap of rags on which they had slept, some tin dishes, containing a knuckle-bone of ham and a loaf of bread, with a tin pot full of cold coffee, without milk or sugar.

He rose on his elbow; and his first glance at Trott showed him the poor wretch was dying.

The stumps of his hands and feet presented a shocking appearance, where some of the arteries and veins, the ends of which had been frozen, had begun to ooze blood, slowly, through the decay of the walls of the blood-channels. The man's face was flushed as with fever, but looked pinched and thin, while his eyes were unnaturally large and feverish; and he was tossing his head from side to side, moaning. Lee spoke to him kindly enough; and Trott roused from his partial delirium, to say huskily:

"I reckon I'm going, sir. I'm--I'm sorry I couldn't have had time to—to show you, sir—that I warn't as bad as you thought me."

John Lee turned away his face, which contracted sternly. The cruel injustice with which the man had been treated had left its sting; and his voice, in spite of all his efforts, was hard, as he said:

"You have ruined my life. But I can forgive any man when he is dying. Is there anything you want to say to me?"

Trott groaned deeply; and it was some seconds before he could speak in a broken way, full of pauses of pain:

"Yes, there is. I—warn't as bad as ye thort me—that night. That Ralston—he was a bad un, sir; and he had me, *bad*—"

John ground his teeth savagely, as he growled between them, in a hoarse tone:

"Aye, aye; but his turn is coming, *yet!* Yes, by the God who made us, *his turn is coming!*"

Trott looked up at him, in a dim, despairing sort of way.

"Ye got suthin' ag'in' him, ain't ye? And *he's* got suthin' ag'in' you. Yes, he's a bad one--worser 'n me, even, an' that's needless. But, Mr. Lee—afore I go, I wanter ax you to forgive me. Won't ye do it, sir?"

He looked up so pitifully, that John, who, under all his crust of bitterness, was the same generous John as of old, said constrainedly:

"You are dying. Yes, I forgive you. Though, you know, it is very hard. You put those things in my barn; and let me be punished for a crime of which you alone were guilty. You can never undo that."

"That's jest what I wanted to say," returned the other eagerly. "Mr. Lee, I *warn't* as bad as you thought, sir. Arter you'd be'n sent to prizzen, I went to a lawyer, in New York, and got him to write it all out, while I swore to it. He's got it, today, sir. I told him to keep it till I sent fur it. Ye'll find it all writ' out, fair and square, to git you yer parding, if ever ye wanter hold up yer head in the world."

John Lee frowned deeply, as he returned:

"That can never be. John Lee died disgraced. When I go forth to freedom, no man will know my name."

Trott raised his stumps of hands entreatingly to him.

"Won't ye even let me do what I *kin* to undoin' what I *did?*" he asked. "Oh, Mr. Lee, you don't know how I suffered when they brung me inter court and made me sw'ar I knowed ye! But even fur them I wouldn't sw'ar you was in with me, you remember. I knowed what I was about, and I had made up my mind when *I* got off, *you* should git off, too, some day. And, sir, don't furgit that it was me and the boys got ye out and put ye here."

John looked gloomily at him.

"That is true. Imprisoned at nineteen. All the best years of my life gone. I get my liberty at thirty-six. Oh, blessed boon! But, at least, I am out for a time. How long, no one knows."

"Ye're out *fur good!*" said Trott, eagerly. "Ye don't know the boys, Mr. Lee. They never let a pal git lagged a second time. You're as safe under them as if ye'd never b'en inside the jug. They'll keep ye here till yer hair and beard grows, and then they'll ship ye off to South Ameriky or some other place, and no one won't never find ye. And when ye're safe, sir, think a bit of poor old Trott what come to grief fur you. Ye'll furgive me *then*, I hope, sir?"

Rather softened by his tone, Lee looked at the tramp, and saw that the flush of fever on his pinched face had given way to a pallor that was rapidly becoming yellowish.

Some instinct warned him to look down to the stumps of the poor frozen wretch's feet, when he perceived that during their talk an artery had burst, and that the rags by one foot were dark-red with the blood, which was coming in slow, recurrent jets.

John instantly stooped down, and winding a bandage, which was lying ready for just such an accident, round the leg, twisted it up in a tourniquet and stopped the flow, but not till Trott was faint from loss of blood.

When this was done, a smile crossed the face of the dying convict, and he said faintly:

"Thankee, sir. That's like *you*. It 'minds me of that night when ye picked me up in the snow and told me— Do you remember what ye said, sir? Do ye, *really?*"

John shook his head gloomily.

"I don't know. Some nonsense, probably."

"It *warn't* no nonsense," said the tramp eagerly but faintly. "I hain't never furgot yer words, sir. Ye told me *I had the makin's of a' angel in me*. It struck me all of a heap, it did; and I hain't never furgot them words. Got *the makin's of a' angel!* D' ye think I have *yet*, sir?"

He put the question so wistfully that John was greatly impressed. The fact that the questioner was very near to death made it all the more impressive; and Lee hesitated for some seconds before he answered very slowly:

"Every human being has the makings of an angel in him, but he may lose them. I don't think you have lost *all* yours, for you have repented of the harm you did and tried to undo it. That is half the battle."

The dying man listened to him with intense eagerness and drew a long breath, as he whispered:

"I kinder thort that when I writ the paper fur the lawyer. Says I to myself: '*That'll help the angel in yer* some day.' Ye'll go and get the paper, won't ye, Mr. Lee?"

"I will," said the other. "Give me the man's name and address, and I will remember you when I get the paper."

"His name's Tom Glover—Thomas M. Glover, No. 584 Broadway, counselor-at-law," returned Trott, feebly. "He tried to get me off in court, fur the last job; but he's got all my papers, and he'll give 'em to you, Mr. Lee."

Then he lay still for awhile, with his eyes closed, as if dozing off, and at last opened them again and looked at Lee earnestly, saying:

"Ye'll not furgit? Thomas M. Glover, 584 Broadway."

"No, I will not," replied John, gravely, seeing that the other was getting weaker and weaker all the time; but thinking little of the paper of which the dying tramp spoke.

Trott, with the quick apprehension of the dying of the mental states of those with whom they are in conversation, saw the indifference in his face, heard it in his voice, and roused himself to say, with great earnestness:

"I warn't as bad as you thought, Mr. Lee. You'll find out arter I'm gone. I warn't nigh as bad as you thought; yes, long afore I got lagged fur that last job. You'll find it all in the papers. Tom Glover'll give 'em to ye. You tell him I said to give 'em to you, and he'll give 'em."

John, roused into attention by the earnestness of the dying man, asked him, with more interest:

"But how shall I know that, if he gets my name and yours, this Tom Glover may not have me arrested?"

Trott moved his head from side to side on his pillow, being too weak to shake it.

"No fear of that," he whispered. "Tom

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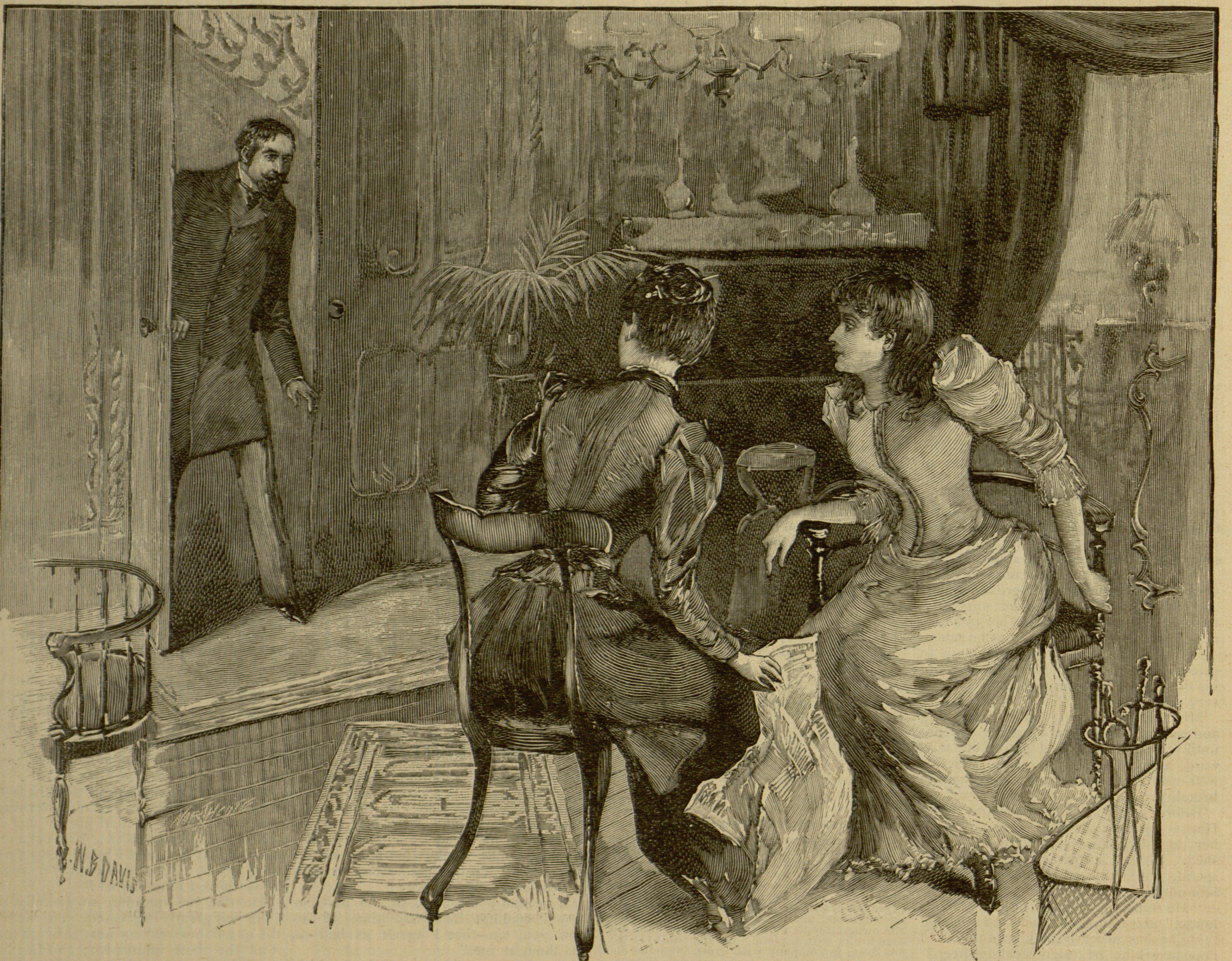

THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN, AND INTO THE ROOM HURRIED RAYMOND RALSTON.

Glover lives on us boys. He 'd no more peach on one of us than he 'd kill his own mother. You tell him who you air, and he 'll give ye the papers."

"I 'll do it," returned John, slowly and thoughtfully. "After all, your confession, if it does nothing else, will enable me to apply for a pardon from a safe place."

"That 's it, that 's it," responded Trott, eagerly. "Stick to that, boss, and mebbe you 'll find suthin' else you don't dream of. I 've had it all fur you, this many a year—all fur you, to make up what I done that night."

Then he sank back into a doze, which lasted for about half a minute, when he opened his eyes with startling suddenness and asked:

"Did ye ever know Catawalloper, Mr. Lee?"

John stared at him, thinking him out of his mind, echoing:

"'Catawalloper?' What do you mean? Is it a name? A person? Or a place? I don't understand you."

The tramp seemed to have grown strangely quiet and rational for a short space of time, and his voice was much stronger as he said:

"I dunno, nuther. That 's what the paper said. Leastwise, that 's what the l'arned man called it. Catawalloper—that 's the name, as nigh as I c'u'd git it."

Then, with equal suddenness, he added:

"Know Pyesrow? A dago feller they say he was, usedter go cavortin' round South Ameriky, long of Catawalloper. Them was the names."

Lee, more and more puzzled, sat staring at him, while Trott, evidently anxious to explain matters, added earnestly:

"I dunno if I call 'em rightly, sir; but them was the names. South Ameriky—Pyesrow and Catawalloper. Never furgit 'em. Ain't ye never heerd tell of Catawalloper, an Injun king, sir?"

Convinced that the poor wretch's mind was wandering, Lee, nevertheless, answered soothingly, as if desirous of understanding him to the best advantage.

"An Indian king where? I don't quite recognize the name."

Trott, on his couch of rags, turned uneasily his pain-racked head, wincing and groaning, till he had taken a new position, when he said, fretfully:

"I know them was the names, and the man said as how every one would know 'em. Won't ye jest *please*, sir, to tell me what was the names of them old Injun kings, as was here afore any one ever seen Ameriky?"

John Lee, still more puzzled as to the process that was going on in the mind of this degraded tramp-convict in his dying moments, yet continued the conversation, patiently enough, saying:

"I don't quite understand you. Do you mean what are the names of the Indian kings that have descended to us from the times after Columbus discovered America?"

A smile of relief crossed the yellowish, waxy face of the tramp as he answered, eagerly:

"*That 's it*, sir; that 's *it*. I heern the school-teacher man say that name, too—Columbus. *That 's* the feller. Yes, sir, please, what was the name of the Injun kings the time he come here with the other dagoes?"

"Well, the only names I can remember of Indian kings in the United States, as they are now called, are those of Opecancanough and Powhattan, in Virginia," returned Lee, doubtfully. "Powhattan, you know, was the father of Pocahontas, and—"

"No, *them* ain't the names. It 's *Catawalloper*, sir. There was some man they called Catawalloper."

Seeing him so positive in his memory, John pondered a moment and finally said:

"I can't think whom you can mean. In Mexico there was Montezuma, or Moctezuma, and Guatemoczin; and in Peru—"

"*That 's* the place! *That 's* the place!" interrupted the dying tramp, eagerly. "I *knowed* you must know it! *Proo—Catawalloper, King of Proo!*"

He seemed so much delighted with his discovery that Lee was amused as he repeated the name:

"Catawalloper? But the name of the last inca was—"

"That 's it *again!* I *knowed* you 'd know it!" exclaimed Trott, with still greater eagerness. "They called 'em *inkers*, though I don't see why, 'cause they didn't hev no ink, but kept tally on bits of string, like t' other feller did in the island a-cuttin' notches in a stick. Bob Johnson, was it? No, Bob Do-so."

"Do you mean Robinson Crusoe?" asked Lee, feeling a strange sort of interest in this illiterate tramp, who seemed in some mysterious manner to have imbibed some notions of history and literature.

Trott nodded, and replied in the same eager way:

"*That 's* the man, boss! Oh, I can't read nor write, sir. I 'm only poor, ole Trotty, as no one never did nothin' fur but kicks and cusses. But the teacher-feller, *he* told it all to me, and he give the names of Catawalloper, King of Proo."

A sudden light burst on Lee's consciousness as he asked:

"Perhaps you mean Attahualpa, the last inca of Peru. Is that it?"

Trott looked at him with the first approach to contempt he had ever shown in his crushed-out life as he repeated:

"Didn't I *tell* yer so? Catawalloper, King of Proo. *That's* the man! I *knowed* an eddicated gemman like you, Lee, orter know Catawalloper."

"But what of him, and what have you got to do with him?" asked Lee, still more puzzled at the evident sanity of the man, who was plainly far from suffering under any delirium of any sort.

"You 'll find it all in the paper, sir. Tom Glover 'll give it to ye. It was wrote in Spanish, and the man, he made it in English fur me, and read it aloud. There was Catawalloper and Pyesrow—"

"Pizarro, you probably mean," said John.

"That 's the man, sir," responded Trott, still more weakly, but hurrying on nervously, as if afraid he would not have time to finish. "Pyesrow got Catawalloper, so they was to give him a hull heap of gold and silver, and then they dumped it all in a lake in the rocks; and that Gomez feller, he married the Injun gal, and she give it away; and he got scragged and left the paper to his pal, as was Dick Martin, when we was all trampin' together; and Dick, he give it to me, when he had the yaller-fever, and I cotched it, too, and got over it, and Dick died; and then the school-teacher come acrost us and drunk hisself to death, like all the rest of us; but I kep' the paper all the time, and left it to you, 'long of the other; and, arter I 'm gone, you 'll find out I warn't half as bad as you—and—oh!"

It was a sharp cry of pain he emitted at that moment, and a convulsive shudder agitated his body; the cause of which Lee discovered almost instantly by looking down at his stumps. Another artery had just burst it walls, and the red blood was coming in such volume that, before John could get a rude tourniquet round the calf of the leg, the heap of rags was soaked through, and Trott had lost his senses.

He never recovered them from that moment, though Lee sat by him for more than an hour, watching him intently. The poor fellow lay in a heavy stupor; his breath becoming fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased entirely; and John Lee sat by the side of a corpse, thinking to himself that he had never before realized that death, in itself, is an absolutely painless thing.

An hour after, Jim the Kid entered the cavern, and said, with an air of satisfaction:

"So he 's croaked! So much the better!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE COWARD-MAKER.

In a grand house fronting on the handsomest street in America, in the midst of a sumptuously furnished drawing-room, sat a young girl with long hair, still flowing down her back in school-girl way, and of a bright, golden auburn. Though she had just seen her seventeenth birthday, she had not yet insisted on sweeping robes and did not affect fine-lady airs. Her eyes were singularly beautiful, of a dark-brown, with a pathetic, pleading expression about them, that somehow saddened people when they saw her first, though every one said that Lydia Ralston, as she was called, was a person to be envied, even if only an adopted child.

Her adoptive mother, Mrs. Ralston, even more beautiful, as a woman of thirty-six, than she had been as a girl of nineteen, was always held up to admiration as a "model bringer-up of girls," and sat back in a large easy-chair, not far from Lydia, apparently trying to amuse herself with a newspaper, which she at last threw down with a yawn, saying:

“How dull everything is, Lyddy, dear. Not even a new play to read about. Heigh-ho! How would you like a trip to Europe, child?”

Lydia's eyes sparkled, as she picked up the paper.

“Like it, you dear mamma? Why, *of course* I should like it; but, then, one couldn't think of travelling across the ocean in this terrible month, when all the storms are raging! Let me hunt for something in the paper. You've got such a way of skimming over things and I can always find something interesting to read aloud to you. Let me try.”

“Oh, try, by all means!” Mrs. Ralston said, with another yawn. “I wish I had your sharp eyes, Lydia! But, then, one grows old, child.”

“*You'll* never grow old,” the girl replied, affectionately, as she turned over the paper and prepared to read. “Why, I heard Lord Townley, that Englishman that all the girls rave about, say, only the other night, that he preferred such married women as Mrs. Ralston to all the young ladies he had seen in New York. He actually said that a woman was not fit to be talked to, till after thirty. Of course, it was not very nice for *me* to hear, mamma, but then those English lords seem to think they can say anything to American girls; and, thank Heaven, I'm not in love with any titles!”

Mrs. Ralston lay back in her chair idly listening to the girl's chatter, but made no answer; and Lydia, after a little rustling of the paper, began:

“Oh, mamma, here's something interesting!”

She skimmed over the article, as if trying to get the sense of it, Mrs. Ralston still watching her in a way she often had of looking at Lydia, till at last the girl burst out excitedly:

“Oh, mamma, the poor creatures! Oh, just think of it! You remember that storm we had the day before yesterday? Well, on that very night, when you remember how the wind whistled, even here, two poor fellows got out of prison and managed to cross the river on the ice to the other side! And, think of it, mamma! One of them was found only yesterday night, dead, with his hands and feet frozen off, so that he had bled to death. And the other one is supposed to have been buried. Oh, dear, oh, dear, what terrible things they do put into the papers! To think that they should have made their escape only to die in such a miserable manner! Poor things! Poor things!”

Lydia had always been noted, from a child, for being exceedingly tender-hearted; and now the tears came into her eyes, so that she had to dash them away in order to go on reading. Her young voice had a sob in it as she went on.

“Poor, poor creatures! Oh, I can't read the description of the way they found the body, mamma. It is *too* horrible! Thank Heaven, they are out of their misery at last!”

And the tender-hearted girl laid down the paper and openly cried a little, in her tender, girlish way, at sufferings that she, in her innocence, could not in the least realize.

In the meantime, Mrs. Ralston had turned in her chair somewhat uneasily, and yet as if afraid to exhibit uneasiness, as she presently asked, with an assumption of carelessness that was contradicted by her slightly tremulous voice:

“Did the paper give the names of the convicts, child?”

“I don't know, mamma,” Lydia replied, wiping away her tears. “I'll look for it.”

However, she looked to the bottom of the article and read out:

> **“The numbers of the convicts were 1187 and 963. The latter was the one whose hands and feet were frozen off. His name was Brown, *alias* Biggs, *alias* Trott, *alias* Ellis, an old offender. His last sentence was for ten years for burglary. His companion's name, on the rolls of the prison, stands John Lee, twenty years for burglary, Rainton, N. Y.”**

Lydia read on, without noticing that Mrs. Ralston had gradually moved in her chair and was now sitting up, staring at her, in a manner indicating suppressed excitement, as she said sharply:

“Give me that paper. How can I have missed a thing like that?”

The girl, surprised at the sharp tone, which her adoptive mother very seldom used to her, instantly came and gave her the paper, looking a little frightened.

Mrs. Ralston glanced up at her and, reading her thoughts, patted her hand with a trembling finger, saying soothingly:

“I'm not angry, child, only I think—” And then she stopped short and bit her lip, adding awkwardly: “That is—never mind. Young girls ought not to be subjected to the risk of having to read such things, my dear. I shall have to keep the papers away from you or change the journal. This criminal news is very interesting for men, I suppose; but ladies don't care for it.”

Lydia was about to reply, when they heard a rapid, heavy step outside, and both women looked at each other apprehensively. They knew who was coming, without asking.

The door was flung open, and into the room hurried Raymond Ralston, his hair lying plastered down on his forehead as if he had just taken off his hat after being overheated, his face set in an anxious frown, which he checked immediately he saw Lydia, and said, in a weary sort of way:

“I beg your pardon, Carmen; but I wanted to see you about something particular. I—what is that you're reading?”

His wife met his eyes steadily as she replied coldly:

“Our own affairs, Mr. Ralston. Is that the business you wanted to see me about?”

A great change had come over Raymond Ralston in seventeen years. When he made the compact with Carmen, which she had compelled him to keep ever since, he had been a very handsome young man, with luxuriant black whiskers and mustache, melting dark eyes, aquiline features and an ideally romantic face.

Now the hair was there, black as ever, but it had a certain gloss about it that told of the aid of art; and all the art in the world could not hide the ravages of dissipation on his features. The jaw had spread into a jowl; wrinkles had settled into the cheeks on either side around the eyes and corners of the mouth; the eyes themselves had a dim, glassy look about them, and Raymond Ralston, who, at twenty-eight, had been an Adonis, at forty-five looked near sixty and had the aspect of a veteran *roué* fast verging on the break-down. His very attire, obtrusively dandified, increased the artificiality of his appearance, and there was an ill-concealed aversion in Lydia's manner as she greeted him with a formal:

“Good morning, papa.”

She had been taught to call him that since she was a child; but it was a strange thing about her, which even the nurses had remarked, that she had always exhibited an unconquerable repugnance to being left alone with him or to kissing him on any pretext.

He, on his part, had always treated her with extravagant ostentation of affection; and he did not fail in it now as he said, after a swift, secret glance at his wife:

“Good morning, Lydia, my darling child. Why, how nice you look this morning, dear. No, no, it was not about the paper, Carmen, but a little private business. Lydia, my darling, would you mind leaving mamma and me alone for a little? And tell the servants not to come till they hear the bell.”

“Certainly,” she replied obediently.

Then she left the room, and Raymond Ralston, as soon as the door shut, looked at his wife with an expression of such haggard despair that it stirred her sensibly, as he said in a low voice:

“Carmen, it's a repetition of the message Philip sent John of England when Richard Cœur de Lion escaped: ‘Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unchained!’ Jack Moore is out, and our game is up!”

“In what way?” she asked coldly, but trembling, nevertheless, in spite of her self-control.

“Can you ask?” he repeated hoarsely. “The man was sent to prison under the name of John Lee, and we dare not arrest him if he comes out openly as John Moore!”

“Why *should* we arrest him?” she asked, still more coldly. “You know, as well as I, that we ruined the poor fellow. Even if he manages to escape, and is not dead of starvation and cold, as the paper says, he will not dare come near *us*, for fear of being sent back to prison.”

“That is true,” Ralston replied, rather less agitatedly. “But then there is Lydia. Suppose she finds out the truth from him or any one else?”

“She never can. Word was sent to him, the day he went to prison by our connivance, that his child was dead. The man would never dream of trying to verify the report. As far as *worldly* justice is concerned, Raymond Ralston, we are safe. Have no fears for the money for which you and I both *sold our souls*.”

There was an indescribable tone of weary desolation in her voice, that showed how this woman, whom the world counted so fortunate, had been suffering in the midst of her splendor. True, she had had no spasms of fury, no constant quarrels, to distort her features and mar her beauty, or Carmen Ralston would long since have been an old hag. But there was something in her tone that startled Ralston and made him ask irritably:

“What do you mean, Carmen? Don't give me any bosh about selling souls to the devil. It's all humbug and superstition. There's no such thing as a devil, and you know that as well as I do.”

He grumbled on, to hear himself talk and stop thinking; but the dark woman in the easy-chair only replied gravely:

“I'm glad you think so. I know better, to my sorrow.”

“Know what?” he asked, still more uneasily, staring at her as if he suspected her sanity. “Carmen, don't be so mysterious, but speak out. What is this you say you *know?*”

“That there is a curse upon you and me for the wrong we did Moore and—aye, I can say now what I would not say seventeen years ago, Raymond Ralston—for the wrong we did Lydia, that child's mother.”

She spoke quietly and soberly, but there was a mournfulness in her tone that he could not fail to notice and under which he became uneasy himself.

He gave her a vicious glance, and began to walk up and down the room, with his hands in his pockets, biting his lips and muttering to himself under his breath, but all the while growing more and more gloomy, till at last he stopped short before her, set his jaw like a vise, and said in a sort of growl:

“Curse or no curse, we got the money, and no one can take it from us. I'll risk the devil as long as I get the fun.”

She looked up at him in the same quiet way, and he noticed that there was a kinder look in her eyes than he had seen for many a long year, as she replied slowly:

“I suppose you are right, from *your* point of view, Raymond. After all, *you* are not the only one to blame. I have never concealed that from myself. I have partly tried to undo it by taking care of the child. You remember how I hated her, for the sake of her mother. You men don't know how women hate the women who steal from them the man they love, Raymond—”

He interrupted her with a bitter laugh.

“No, of course not. *We* don't know anything about jealousy, we men. You are the only ones who suffer, and we have all the fun. Oh, I have had a famous time for the past seventeen years. Haven't I, Carmen?”

And he ground his teeth, glaring at her in a singular way, as if he dreaded to speak out, and then abruptly turned off and strode to the other end of the room; while the woman gazed after him with a certain gloomy yet satisfied air, though she said nothing till he came back and, pausing before her again, asked savagely:

“Why will you torment me in the way you do?”

She eyed him steadily, and his eyes sunk under hers. Then she smiled in the same mysterious way, as she said:

“Because I choose to. I never pretended to love you, and you know it. I sold myself for money, and lost my soul that way. You sold yourself for revenge, and lost yours, too. Now we are quits. We know what we have to expect after death, and it only remains for us to prevent our suffering *before our time*. As you say, we have the money. Silas Ralston is dead, and left his money to—”

He interrupted her again with the same bitter laugh.

“Aye, he left it in a fine way to us two, *in trust* for the daughter of John Moore and Lydia Ralston, if she ever should be found. And that was *your* work, too, my lady.”

“I don't see what you have to complain of,” she answered coldly. “We have the child and the proofs in our own hands, and no one but ourselves knows who Lydia is. We are absolutely safe to enjoy the money during our lives; and if she survives us, we can make it all right, after our death, by leaving the proofs behind us.

“But in the meantime,” he snapped out angrily, “we only enjoy the income, and dare not touch the principal. I want a yacht, and I can't get one. I want to set up a stable, and I can't do it. I want to go to Wall Street, and have no capital. Only the income, and I am already in debt, as you know. And you won't sign a single paper.”

“No, and I don't intend to,” she answered coldly. “If I gave you your own way, all the fortune of Silas Ralston would not last ten years, and we should be out in the streets, at the end of that time. It is no use wasting words about it. Let us keep what we have got. Jack Moore is out of State's prison, and unless he has died, you may be sure he will, in some way, try to get revenge on us. That revenge we must frustrate. We have money; he none. Our business interests are the same, now, Raymond. Therefore, let us at least pretend to be friends. I have an idea that the best thing we can do is to take a trip to Europe and get Lydia married off to some foreigner, to keep her out of her father's way.”

“Why?” he asked, gnawing his lip uneasily.

“Because, *if ever Jack sees her, he will think that her mother has come to life again*,” Carmen replied solemnly. “Raymond, haven't *you* seen it? The resemblance is so startling that at times, I find myself wondering if it be not all a dream, and Lydia Ralston, who used to be my pupil years ago, come to life again.”

The man gnawed his lip still more uneasily, as he growled:

“I know it. That's why I daren't look her in the face, sometimes. But what you say is true. We must keep her out of Jack's way, and lay our plans to send him back to prison, at the earliest moment. After all, he is still John Lee, the convict; and his escape will add another term to his imprisonment. I have set the private detectives to work; and I think, before long, they will have him, if he dare go to Rainton or come here.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 51.]

ONLY A GIRL'S HEART.[*]

A MYSTERY OF HADDON'S FERRY.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACK MAGIC.

“THE scene that followed? Oh, Heaven, the scene that followed! When I saw the inhuman savage clutch my Lily with such ruthless violence that she shrank and moaned under his talons, with a desperate bound I threw off the two men who held me, sprang upon the beast, hurled him from his prey, and gathered her to my bosom.

“Ah, poor fluttering dove! She had but an instant's respite.

“With hue and cry they set upon me—Hiram Slaughter, the constables and the men of the house, whom they loudly called to their aid. Lily was torn from me. I was beaten down, overpowered, and handcuffed as if I had been a convicted felon.

“One of the women of the house was sent to our room to fetch Lily's hat and sack. When these were brought and put on the pale, trembling child by one of the girls, Hiram Slaughter strode forward, seized his victim, and jerked her hand within his arm to lead her away.

“Then she turned upon me such a look—oh! Such a look of heavenly love and trust, as, rising above all weakness, she said:

“‘Take courage, dear husband. In ten days I shall be of age, and then no one will have a right to stay me, and I will come to you; for let them say what they will, I know that I am your own wedded wife.’

“‘*Take that*, you impudent jade!’ roared Hiram Slaughter, striking her full upon the mouth with his open hand, and with such force, that her blood followed the blow.

“I was maddened by the sight. I struggled with my captors, like the maniac that I was! I railed on Hiram Slaughter like any drunkard! Ah, how futile were all my efforts!

“She held a white handkerchief to her wounded lips, to absorb the blood, and looked at me with eyes full of compassion.

“Oh, how miserable and contemptible I seemed to myself, in my utter helplessness to help her! When I realized this, I shamed my manhood and wept!

“Then her sweet voice spoke again:

“‘Yet still be patient, dear Gabriel. What can they do to us, after all? They can but torture or kill the body, and “after that they have no more that they can do.”

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They cannot separate our spirits even in this world. They can never really part us, who are one forever.'

"As she spoke, from moment to moment she had to pause to put the white handkerchief to her bleeding lips.

"'Lily! Oh, would Heaven I could die to save you, my love—my love!' I cried out, in the extremity of my anguish.

"'Live to bless me, dear Gabriel, as I shall live to love you,' she earnestly answered.

"Hiram Slaughter jerked her forward, shook her with violence and pushed her into the carriage.

"I struggled frantically to loose my hands, to throw off the men that held me and to go to her rescue, but all in vain.

"'Why do you not arrest that savage monster for assault and battery upon that delicate girl?' I thundered into the ears of my captors.

"'She is a minor in the hands of her guardian. She has rebelled against his authority, and he has a lawful right to chastise her. If she was a daughter of mine, I would give her a good whipping,' said one of the officers.

"'You see we can't interfere. Besides, we have got enough to do to take care of you,' added the other, who seemed to be a 'milder-mannered' man.

"Meanwhile, Hiram Slaughter had followed his white slave into the carriage, which was immediately driven off up the river road toward Alexandria.

"Between the two constables I was led away unresistingly now, in the very collapse of despair. A sort of prison van awaited us on the road. We entered it, and followed the first carriage.

"Oh, my dear Gertrude, let me hurry over this black page in my book of life! Guiltless as I was then, wiser as I have become now, I cannot look back upon it without shame and horror.

"I was taken before a magistrate in Alexandria, where I met my accuser and the fair bride, whom I was accused of having abducted from the township of Wildeville and illegally married in Alexandria.

"Fortunately for my delicate Lily, it was at an hour of the forenoon when all the morning 'cases' had been disposed of and the magistrate was alone in his office, except for the attendance of his clerk and one or two constables.

"Our hearing was, therefore, comparatively private.

"Hiram Slaughter was as wily as he was ferocious. All his violence disappeared in the presence of the magistrate. He sat on a side bench near the official table with Lily, deeply vailed, beside him. His arm was around her waist. He seemed to hold her more as a pet than a prisoner. He told his story with the greatest exaggeration, yet with the utmost coolness. By his statement I was made to appear the most unprincipled knave and my wife the most infatuated fool on the face of the earth. From that start the magistrate was biased against me.

"When my turn came, I told my own story and Lily's in our justification, but without effect. If justice and humanity were on our side, law and the magistrate seemed clearly on our antagonist's.

"After a very brief examination, Lily, my bride, was given into the custody of her guardian, and I was committed to jail to await the action of the sheriff of Wildeville.

"Lily fainted, and was borne away in an unconscious condition by her grandfather.

"I was taken off to prison, and for the first time in all my life I saw the inside of a jail and as a prisoner.

"I keenly felt the degradation that had fallen upon me; but, oh, how much more keenly the horrors that awaited my helpless wife. I was utterly overwhelmed and prostrated by anguish and despair. I supposed that Hiram Slaughter had taken Lily back to Wildeville. With a desperate effort I aroused myself at length to write to my poor mother, inclosing a letter to Lily, which I begged her to try to forward secretly and get an answer if she could.

"I sent off this double letter, but before there was time to get a reply the sheriff's officers came to Wildeville with warrants and carried me back thither to answer to the charge of having abducted a minor. Gertrude! When I was committed to the Alexandria jail my hair and beard were golden red. A week later, when I was taken out to be conveyed to Wildeville, they were silver-white."

"And that was the black magic that turned the gold to silver?" said the young girl, compassionately.

"It was, my child. To go on: The day after I was committed to the Wildeville prison, my poor mother came to see me. She looked pale and worn with sorrow and anxiety. She evidently controlled her feelings for the sake of comforting me; but when she saw from the change that had passed over me what a terrible ordeal I had gone through even already, she was quite overcome with emotion for a time, after which she rallied sufficiently to tell me that she had received my letter, but had failed in her efforts to have its inclosed note conveyed to Lily.

"Lily, she told me, was ill at Hill Top House, and that Doctor Wedderburn was attending her. I was not at all surprised to hear this, but I was not less afflicted at the tale. My mother had brought some comforts in the form of clean linen and bed-clothing to help to render my imprisonment a little more endurable. She told me, further, for my encouragement, that she would take care of our place, and the hired man, John Young, could manage the ferry very well until my release; for she seemed to have no doubt that I should be acquitted.

"My mother stayed until it was time to close the prison doors for the night, and then she commended me to the care of Heaven and departed. She visited me every day for the few days that I remained in the Wildeville jail.

"The court was sitting, and there were but few cases on the docket. I was, therefore, soon brought to trial. I had the best counsel I could procure, but it availed me little; for though justice and humanity were clearly on my side, the law of the land and the prejudices of rank seemed against me. The trial was very short. I was arraigned on the Monday following my arrival at Wildeville, and I was convicted and sentenced on Tuesday. The penalty of my so-called felony was two years' imprisonment, with hard labor, in the State penitentiary at Richmond. I was carried down the next day. My heart-broken mother stayed with me as much as she could, accompanying me down to the city, and never leaving me until the doors of the prison had closed upon me. Even then she took a room in the neighborhood, that she might be near me and visit me as often as she might be permitted to do so, which was only once a month.

"I was not put to very hard labor, for I happened to be the only educated prisoner in the penitentiary at that time; so I was assigned to duty in the warden's office, where I did nine-tenths of the work for which he received the salary; but it was light for me in comparison with other prison labor. Nevertheless, I did not rejoice at it, neither should I have complained if I had been put to the severest toil, for I was past complaining, as I was past enjoying then. My wife, my liberty, my good name had all been wrested from me, and all minor conditions of good or evil were unfelt.

"The term of my imprisonment commenced on my thirtieth birthday, the fatal 15th of July, just fifteen years after I had first met the child Lily; the day, also, upon which she became of age, when she had vowed to come to me and be my wife as sure as she should live. She lived; but, alas! she was at the point of death with a low fever, and much more likely to cross the dark river than to take any other journey. I had no means of hearing from her, since no letters of mine could reach her in her guarded seclusion, even if I had been permitted to write before the end of the month, which, of course, I was not.

"On the 1st of August, the regular visiting day, my poor mother came to see me. I then intrusted a letter to her and begged her to journey back to Wildeville and inquire about my Lily, find out whether she were living or dead, and try, if she were living, to get that letter conveyed to her hands.

"My dear mother started on her mission. What would she not have done for her imprisoned son? She was gone a week, and at the end of that time she returned. She could not visit me until the next regular visiting day, on the 1st of September; but she sought an interview with the prison chaplain, through whose kindness I at length received news of Lily—bitter sweet!

"She had recovered from her dangerous illness, thank heaven; but she had been taken away from Hill Top House by General Slaughter, and no one knew or even surmised whither they had gone. This was the sum and substance of the intelligence brought from Wildeville by my mother and given me by the kind-hearted chaplain.

"My poor mother never ceased in her efforts to get me pardoned out; but we had a stern martinet for a governor, and he had lately entered upon his office, so there was no hope for me but in outliving my term of imprisonment. One weary month followed another and brought the winter.

"Christmas is a time when all travellers like to be at home. I thought General Slaughter would be no exception to the rule; so in Christmas week I sent my mother up to Wildeville again to inquire concerning Lily. She returned in time to visit me on the 1st of January, with the perplexing news that General Slaughter and his ward were still absent, in what part of the world no one knew.

"The winter passed away. My mother visited me every month, and brought me, also, such comforts and conveniences as the prison-rules or the warden's indulgence would allow me to receive.

"Early in the spring, my mother went again on a pilgrimage to Wildeville; but returned, as before, with the disappointing information that General Slaughter and his ward had not returned, and had not been heard from by anybody but Oxman, his overseer, who declined to reveal his whereabouts. While my mother was at the ferry, she arranged with our assistant ferryman John to glean all the information concerning the 'Slaughter House,' as Hill Top Hall now began to be called, and to get the village schoolmaster to write a letter, at John's dictation, once a month to convey the intelligence to us. This was to save the trouble and expense of her quarterly visits to Wildeville, as well as to obtain more frequent news.

"Our ferryman did his duty and kept us posted as to the existence of 'no news' whatever.

"So the spring ripened into summer and brought the 14th of July, the day before the anniversary of my entrance into the penitentiary, half the term of my imprisonment; and every day would make the coming year shorter, and bring me nearer to the day of release.

"But where was my Lily? How was she? What was she doing? She knew, of course, that I was a prisoner; but *I* knew that if she were free, she would hasten to Richmond, share the humble home of my mother, and with her visit me every month during the term of my confinement. Her failure to do this kept me on the rack of anxiety, and my greatest longing for liberty was for her sake, that I might constitute myself a detective for the discovery of her abode and a deliverer for the emancipation of herself.

"On the evening of this 14th of July the warden brought me a great piece of news, an unexpected stroke of good fortune. He told me that I was to be pardoned out; that the pardon was to take effect the next morning, when, after some formalities, I should be set at liberty. Oh, the joy that filled my heart! For the moment, every ill was forgotten, everything was forgotten but that I should be free in the morning! My poor mother's exertions, petitions and representations, like seed sown and forgotten, had produced a harvest of success when we least expected it. It seems that even the stern martinet, Governor ——, had perceived the injustice and tyranny of my incarceration, and released me as soon as he prudently could—at the close of my first year of imprisonment. With the warden's permission, I sent for my mother, and saw her alone in the warden's parlor and told her the joyous news, and we rejoiced together.

"We made arrangements for our departure for Wildeville the next day. She undertook to pack up all her own effects and such of mine as remained in her possession, and also to bring me a new suit of clothes and a wig; for I had not escaped the convict's degradation of the shaved head. I had nothing of my own in the prison but a few religious books, and these I preferred to donate to the prison library.

"It was late when my mother took leave of me—the happiest leave-taking we had enjoyed for many a month.

"I retired to my cell and was locked in as usual for the night. I went to bed, or, rather, I stretched myself upon my hard cot-pallet; but I could not sleep. Although in a prison cell, I was too happy and too much excited to sleep, for the next morning I should be free! Free to go forth into the world again; free to seek my Lily. Did I doubt that I should find her? Oh, no! I was too full of delight to doubt anything. I believed in all blessed possibilities. I should find my Lily, would let the ferry, and I would take her and my dear mother, and we would go away to some distant pleasant land, where our troubles had never been heard of by other people, and where our sorrows would be forgotten even by ourselves. In my exaltation of hope, I felt just as sure that all this would happen as that to-morrow's sun would rise Full of these happy thoughts, I could not sleep. I lay in a delightful reverie, gazing through the little grated window of my cell, gazing out upon the star-lit sky above and its reflection in the clear bosom of the James below. I heard the prison-clock strike every hour until midnight. When it struck twelve, I exclaimed aloud:

"'This is the day, the blessed day, that gives me liberty!'

"It really appeared to me then as if I had been in prison nearly all my life, and this was the first day of freedom. I lay in a happy half-trance until I heard the clock strike one.

"Now, my dearest Gertrude, what next followed was so strange, so mysterious, so incredible, indeed, that if it had not been corroborated by subsequent circumstances I could not have believed it then, nor could I ask you to believe it now."

The ferryman dropped his head upon his chest and fell into a deep trance-like reverie, that lasted until Gertrude, whose intense curiosity rendered her impatient of delay, roused him by asking:

"Dear grandpa, what was it that happened to you on the night of the 14th of July?"

CHAPTER XII.

"A VISION PASSED BEFORE ME."

"It was the morning of the 15th, child. It was after one o'clock, Gertrude. Call it a dream, vision, hallucination—anything you please—but I was awake, wide awake, vividly wide awake when it happened.

"I had heard the clock strike one while I lay gazing out, through the little grated window, upon the cool night scene—the clear, star-lit sky reflected on the broad, dark river; and then I closed my eyes and lay in a delightful reverie, thinking of the morning just come, when I should be free; of the days soon coming when I should be reunited with Lily; and in the midst of this delightful day-dreaming I heard a sweet, soft, clear voice murmur in my ear:

"'*Gabriel.*'

"The voice thrilled my soul, for it was the voice of my beloved. But the next instant a tender awe fell upon me as I opened my eyes and inquired, as if in doubt:

"'Who called me?'

"I listened intently, but there was no reply. I gazed around, but there was no one visible—nothing to be seen but the bare walls of my six-by-eight prison-cell, and the little grated window in the wall, against which my narrow cot stood. Yet I knew that I had not dreamed or imagined that voice. I knew that I had heard it! I closed my eyes again, and lay intently listening, breathlessly expectant, yet, withal, strangely awed and calmed. The voice spoke again, sweet, soft, low, clear and close to my ear:

"'Gabriel, I come.'

"I lifted my eyelids suddenly and glanced around. Nothing was to be seen but the white-washed walls of my cell, dimly visible in the faint light of the little grated window. I called aloud. Nothing was to be heard but the weird sighing of the wind. I now began to perceive that nothing would respond to me, while all my senses were open and on the alert; thus I closed my eyes for the last time and kept them closed, waiting in breathless awe for what might next happen.

"The heavenly voice breathed once more, low, clear, flute-like:

"'Husband, I am here.'

"'Lily! Love! Wife!' I aspirated, faint between delight and awe.

"The sweet voice spoke no more; but as if my recognition of it had evoked the vision, this is what appeared before my sealed eyes:

"A soft, white light, that dilated and brightened until its radiance filled the cell; and this radiance seemed to proceed from the form of my Lily, who stood in the midst of it, her face beaming with celestial beauty, her brows crowned with a wreath of orange-blossoms, her hair, silver in the sunshine and golden in the shade, flowing over her shoulders, her form enveloped as in a silvery mist in bridal robe and vail.

"As I gazed in an ecstasy of rapture that caught away my breath and stopped my pulse, the celestial vision faded away, the radiant light paled, the cell grew dark, and I lapsed into a state of complete unconsciousness.

"It seemed to me only the next instant that I was aroused by a violent shaking from a strong arm and calling from a loud voice. I started up, bewildered, to see one of the turnkeys standing over me and the sun shining broadly through the little grated window and throwing a small square of golden light, checked with black lines, on the floor. It seemed to me that, only a second before, I had lain in the midst of a heavenly vision at one o'clock in the morning, and now I lay staring at the stupid face of the turnkey in the full glare of day. I was so confounded that I could not speak.

"'What the deuce is the matter with you? Are you sick? Has the doctor given you opium, that you sleep so long and wake so dull? Get up. The prisoners are all forming to go to breakfast!’ exclaimed the man.

“I sprang off my hard cot-pallet, doused my head and face from the stone jug of water that stood on the floor, and followed my guard, to join the line of convicts on their march to the prison eating-room. But my mind was so completely absorbed with the thought of the vision I had seen that I could think of nothing else, not even of my freedom just at hand.

“Immediately after breakfast, I was summoned to the warden’s office, where I found the sheriff waiting for me, with the governor’s pardon in his hand. He read the document to me, and then warmly shook me by the hand, congratulating me upon my deliverance, and going so far out of his official routine as to say that he believed it to be an act of justice that ought to have been done a year before, when the injustice of my conviction and sentence by the Wildeville court had been perpetrated.

“I thanked the sheriff cordially for his kind words, but told him, at the same time, that I knew the great wrong which had been done me could never be righted in this world.

“While we were still speaking, my poor mother was shown into the office, bearing a large bundle in her hand. She greeted every one with a smile, as she took the chair the warden placed for her. The sheriff congratulated her also; but, instead of answering him, she burst into tears and wept. I knew what was passing in her mind; for, after the first shock of delight at unexpectedly recovered freedom, I felt that she, like myself, was overshadowed by the reflection that we should always live under the reproach of my conviction and imprisonment, however undeserved it might be and certainly was.

“We waited until some legal forms passed between the warden and the sheriff, and then I was informed that I was at liberty to depart.

“My mother handed me the bundle that she had brought, and I took it and retired to change my prison uniform for a citizen’s dress.

“When I had done this I returned to the warden’s office, where my mother still waited for me. We then took leave of the officers and left the prison.

“A carriage was waiting for us at the gates with a large trunk, containing all our effects, strapped behind it.

“ ‘I have taken two places in the stage-coach that leaves this morning, and it is now only half-past eight. We have plenty of time to get to the office and get them,’ said my mother, as the carriage started.

“I pressed her hand, but said nothing; my thoughts were still absorbed in the vision I had seen, to the exclusion of all other subjects.

“In due time we reached the stage-office and got into our seats in the coach. Every other seat was taken. It was crowded with passengers, men, women and children, chiefly tourists, escaping from the heat of the city to the shades of the forests and the coolness of the mountains. Happily they were all strangers to us. Three days of laborious travel—changing horses every eight hours at the way-stations or post-houses, as they were then called, stopping three times a day for meals, and sometimes losing old passengers and gaining new ones—brought us at length to Wildeville late in the evening of the third day.

“There were few loiterers at that hour around the village inn; yet it was gratifying to see the genuine pleasure with which they greeted my unexpected return. It was evident that my old neighbors looked upon imprisonment more as an unmerited martyrdom than as a disgraceful punishment.

“We did not linger there to receive the somewhat mixed condolements and congratulations of our friends, but procured the use of the tavern hack and its driver and set out on our road to Wildeville. It was the same carriage, the same driver and the same road over which I had travelled little more than a year before with my bride. Then we were going away together, a happy and expectant bride and bridegroom; now I was returning a pardoned convict!

“After two hours’ ride we reached the ferry at the foot of the Eagle’s Roost Cliff, and I got out of the hack and blew the horn and gave the familiar call:

“ ‘*Boat!*’

“ ‘All right!’ came booming across the river in response. Meanwhile, Zebedee, the driver, took off our trunk and sat it on the ground, received the money for the use of the carriage from me, bowed, remounted his seat and drove off on his return road, for the hour was late and he was anxious to get home.

“We stood on the brink of the river.

“It was very dark; it was like the ideal river of death. The towering black mountains hid all the horizon, and the few stars that twinkled at an immeasurable height in the zenith were but dimly reflected in the dark waters beneath. But as we stood and watched, we saw a light leave the opposite shore, and we knew that our boat was coming. The light steadily approached us, and soon we heard the welcome dip of oars; and soon afterward the boat was pushed ashore and our faithful John stood up in it, saying:

“ ‘Here I am, at your service, gentlemen,’ and he held the lantern up to see who his passengers might be, but dropped it in amazement as he met my eyes, and exclaimed:

“ ‘Great Heaven, Mr. Haddon!’

“ ‘Help me to put the trunk in the boat, John,’ I said, as calmly as I could speak in reply.

“He obeyed me, greeting my mother with a bow as he passed her.

“When we were all in the boat, and John had taken the oars, pushed it from the shore and was rowing us rapidly over the river, I spoke:

“ ‘You did not expect me, John?’

“ ‘Who—I, sir? No, sir; no more than anybody else did: but I ’m powerful glad to see you, sir, all the same, as everybody else will. I tell you what, Mr. Haddon: It was a good thing for old Slaughter that the men about here didn’t know as much while he was in the neighborhood as they know now; for if they *had*, they ’d have burnt down his old Slaughter-House over his head. But they didn’t know anything about it until after he had gone away and taken Miss Lily with him. Then the servants’ tongues were let loose, and the way they *did* talk would ha’ made an oyster’s hair stand on end. We found out all the black-hearted old beast done to Miss Lily, sir, begging your pardon.’

“ ‘Where is “Miss Lily” now?’ I inquired, anxiously.

“ ‘Lord knows, sir! The old savage took her away near twelve months ago, and nobody knows where they are. But I tell you what, sir: It would be dangerous for that old brute to come back here, and maybe he knows it. Why, Lor’, sir, Mr. Haddon, you would only have to give a hint to have a hundred determined men at your heels, to go and burn the Slaughter House over old Slaughter’s head, and *him* in it! Why, sir, the heart of the country *rages* against him for what he done to Miss Lily and you.’

“As my faithful helper delivered himself of this tirade, the boat touched the shore and we landed. I was ‘home again.’

“John secured the boat, and then helped me to carry the trunk up to the house, my mother preceding us.

“The dogs broke out into a fury of barking, but as soon as they recognized us they apologized and fawned in the most abject and affectionate manner. We took our devoted old Jess by surprise, but found her as much rejoiced as astonished at our unexpected arrival at home.

“She prepared for us a good supper and comfortable beds; and, in about an hour from our entrance into the house, we had been refreshed by a wash and a meal, and we stretched our wearied frames on our beds, for the first time in four nights. Conquered by extreme bodily fatigue, I slept until late in the morning. My mother also had slept well, but had risen early.

“This was Sunday morning. I told my mother at breakfast that I would go to church with her that day, but on the next day, Monday, I should commence my search for Lily. I went with her to the Old Red Sandstone Church at the mouth of the Whirl, and engaged with all my heart in the religious services there. After the benediction was given and we had left the church, we were pleased to see the number of our friends who came around us in the churchyard with greetings of welcome and congratulation. It seemed that I had lost no ground at all in the esteem and affection of our neighbors, who all regarded my condemnation as a great persecution rather than a just penalty.

“We returned home much encouraged by the confidence of our friends.

“The next morning I arose early, intending to commence my investigations at Hill Top Hall, and at Wildeville, in order, if possible, to obtain a clue that I might follow to a successful termination.

“While I was dressing, there came over the river the sound of a ferry-horn, followed by the usual cry of:

“ ‘*Boat!*’

“Knowing that John was on duty, I gave myself no trouble about this, but proceeded with my toilet. I had not quite finished, however, when John came in and said:

“ ‘I ’m afraid I shall have to ask your help, sir. The party on the other side has two carriages and six horses, besides heavy trunks and boxes, so that we shall have to take over the great flat-boat.’

“ ‘Very well, John, I will join you in a moment,’ I said, as I hurriedly finished dressing and followed him down to the ferry-house.

“We soon got out the flat-boat and got her afloat. As we neared the opposite shore we perceived that the carriages stood, the one behind the other, at the base of the Eagle’s Roost Cliff. The foremost carriage was black and drawn by black horses. The hindmost carriage we could not see distinctly. As we touched the beach, we saw that the two coachmen on the boxes were in deep mourning; then that the foremost carriage contained two male passengers, also in deep mourning, finally that the hindmost carriage was really *a hearse with a coffin in it!* The sight struck cold to my heart—notwithstanding that a funeral party was not so very unusual a fare to take across the ferry,

“John stepped on shore and told the coachman that the boat was ready. The coachman nodded gravely and drove down upon the flat-boat.

“The hearse followed slowly in the same direction. Then two mounted grooms, in deep mourning, paced their horses soberly on to the boat.

“When all was ready, we pushed off from the shore. I gazed around upon the party; but the attendants, the two coachmen and the two grooms were all strangers to me.

“I glanced at the carriage; but the gentleman within it had pulled down the curtain, so that I could not see him.

“Then I had to give all my attention to the oars. It was a heavy and laborious ferriage. We were about twice the usual time in crossing the river; but we reached the home-shore at last.

“The carriage was the first to leave the ferry-boat and take the road up the mountain-pass.

“The hearse was about to follow, when I went to the side of it and inquired of the driver:

“ ‘Whose body lies within there?’

“He pointed to the coffin, indicating that I might read the inscription.

“Very reverently I looked in the side of the hearse and read the inscription on the silver plate. I read—oh, heaven of heavens!—I read:

LILY,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF
ALVAN AND ELLA VALE.
BORN, JULY 15, 18—;
DIED —

“I fell, as if struck by lightning.”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 51.]

THE SPANISH TREASURE.*

A Story of Love and the Love of Gold.

BY ISABELLA CASTELAR.

CHAPTER XXX.

DOLORES IS VINDICATED.

As day followed day, and her lover neither returned, nor made any effort, by letter or otherwise, to obtain the forgiveness she would so gladly have bestowed on him the conviction forced itself upon Polly Hamilton that Clarence Stanley was gone forever. In bitterness of soul she had told herself again and again, from the first moment of their separation, that this was so; but to realize the unuttered thought as an irrevocable fact—this was a different and far more terrible matter!

But it was a fact, too surely, now, too cruelly she felt this—a horrible, infamous, unbearable fact, which, nevertheless, must be borne; and the effort she made to meet it bravely and with dignity was pitiful and heartbreaking in the eyes of the parents who adored her, and to whom her beloved face was as an open book on which they read every hidden tear and every smothered sigh. Neither did any word or token come from Dolores. There was no reason for expecting anything of the kind, as Polly constantly reminded her mother; “for Rita had wished her place of residence for the present to remain wholly unknown. Such had been her intention in leaving them, for she judged rightly in suspecting that she would be at once sought out and implored to return.” But although Mary Hamilton spoke in this manner both to her father and mother, and in the silence of her own thoughts tried to cheat herself with the same excuse, she knew all the time that in the depths of her soul she had hoped that Dolores would find some way of sending her a sign that she continued to think of her and love her as before; and, unconsciously to herself, the reiterated suspicions of Mrs. Hamilton were beginning to tell upon her. She, who had always been bright and cheerful as the morning, radiant as June sunshine and happy and sweet of temper as all young, healthy, untrammeled life should be, was now the embodiment of irritability, melancholy, fitful, bitter, derisive merriment, or else irrepressible, unconquerable grief.

“Don’t speak to me of Rita’s treachery,” she said, one day, to her mother, turning upon her almost furiously. “She is incapable of treachery. Besides which, it is unnecessary. I gave him to her. Yes, madly as I have loved Clarence Stanley, I would not owe him to any woman’s pity, not even to Rita. I told her that if she really loved him, I gave them to each other freely, and I would have died rather than come between them.”

“Then she has taken you at your word, and probably justifies herself in that way for her deceitful behavior. How much nobler of her to have spoken the truth to your face and so showed herself worthy of your self-sacrificing love and friendship,” said Mrs. Hamilton. “But it was madness of you, Polly, dear, to give up your lover in that way to any other girl—you have destroyed your brilliant prospects! Foolish child! Did you not know that your father could have compelled Lord Clarence to do you justice by keeping his engagement to you.”

“Oh, dear—dear mamma! Say, no more, I beg of you!” cried Polly, half-frantic with wounded pride and repressed feeling. “What kind of a girl should I be to accept a husband who was *compelled* to marry me? Do you think I have no pride? And don’t call him ‘Lord Clarence’—I hate the thought that it has made you forget that I value my own dignity and self-respect more than a thousand titles. If you had not set your mind on seeing me the Countess of Windermere you never could have had the thought of *compelling* any man to do me justice in a matter where the man’s own love should be the only compulsion ever known.”

Mrs Hamilton colored deeply with momentary anger and bitter mortification, for the unintentional rebuke stung her deeply, because she felt the full force of her daughter’s words.

“You are right, Polly,” she said, “and I hope you will forgive me. You are more to me than all the countesses or fine ladies that ever were heard of; it was only because such a title seemed so fitting to my own dear, lovely girl that my mind has dwelt on it. But I will never speak of it again. More than that, I will never speak of him again or of Dolores either (at least, until we hear the right kind of news from her), if you will but promise me to tear this false and wretched man forever from your thoughts.”

“I promise you, darling mother. More than that, I tell you truly now when I say that I have already torn him from my heart. It was not Clarence Stanley that I loved, but the thought, the ideal of him that I had set up in my own soul. Ah, that is the hard thing to overcome! But I will do it, mamma. Only be patient with me and try to understand me. When you see me sad or weeping, do not think that I am grieving for the loss of Lord Clarence Stanley. No, no! The man I loved never lived; and I am but grieving, weeping, despairing over the grave of my dead love. A dead love! A buried lover who never even lived! Oh, mamma, it may seem a foolish grief, but it is very real and terrible to me!”

Mrs. Hamilton looked at the pale and now tearless face of her suffering child, and began to realize that she had never before understood the almost tragic possibilities of her once gay, light-hearted, happy

Continued on page 10.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
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PRICES AT THE CHICAGO COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Chicago, by the voice of the government and the people, is put in a position where she is in honor bound to uphold her credit and gain new laurels for herself during the coming exposition. The number of visitors is estimated as very high into the millions, and the repeated visits of these will aggregate an enormous amount of money which will be turned Chicago-ward during the fair season.

There are several things that it would be well for Chicago people to think about:

In certain localities, where there have been great gatherings of humanity, the residents, filled with the idea that there was an opportunity to make something, have asked the most extortionate prices for accommodations and wares.

Almost every one likes to take home some souvenir from whatever place he visits, and it occurred to these people that, as a matter of course, the visitor would not be specially tenacious of the price paid for reminders of the occasion. Therefore, they crowded on a little heavier percentage, make it appear that this, that or the other article was unusual or unique or what-not, or boldly took the ground that the tourist could take it at that price or let it alone.

Whether or no Chicago, with the push, drive and dash that is characteristic of that city, will seek to take advantage of the exposition to exact extortionate rates for whatever is to be purchased there, remains to be seen. It would seem that the seat of such an important attraction would endeavor to so arrange the prices of all commodities that visitors would be encouraged to come rather than be repelled by accounts of excessive charges, which are sure to go the rounds of the press, once they are indulged in.

It is said that certain hotels talk of raising their prices. In view of the fact that their custom will be enormously increased, such a course seems not only absurd but outrageous. In Philadelphia, there was much less of this sort of thing done than one might have expected under the circumstances, and there are many who can look back on the time spent there, and feel that whatever else may have happened to them, they certainly got their money's worth.

As a matter of policy and business sense, every vendor of wares of whatsoever kind, in Chicago, should reduce prices instead of raising them. With the additional quantity of goods to be sold, this would be a most profitable move. It is a settled fact that if prices of dry-goods and *bric-à-brac* are advanced in Chicago, arrangements are made whereby outsiders can secure accommodations and rush in enormous stocks of fine goods to outsell those who would take advantage of the occasion to demand unreasonable prices. A few establishments of this sort introduced there at the proper time would tend to bring the extortionists to their senses.

Just what will be the course taken as far as transportation goes, it is yet too early to determine. That something must be done is very evident, or the masses of the people, those who most need the instruction and benefit which will be derived from the exposition, will be practically barred the privilege of visiting it. The opportunity is full of temptation to raise prices and get just a little more for whatever commodity one has to offer; but when the increase of business is taken into consideration, as well as the advertising advantages of low prices for good goods, Chicago, with her well-known enterprise, ought not to be found blind to her own interests.

◆

EATING AND GENIUS.

What a strange mixture! And yet, there is a very vital connection between thoughts that breathe and words that burn on the one hand and an unimpaired digestion on the other. President PATTON once remarked to the Princeton students. "You may not need binomial theorems, but you will need a healthy stomach." The brilliant treasures of intellectual acquirement are stored in earthen vessels, and when these poor frail bodies become cracked and disjointed the wealth is apt to scatter.

In proportion as we are able to heartily eat suitable food will our brain be enriched, our thoughts be stimulated and become vigorous. Thus, the loftiest mind and most prolific thought is almost utterly dependent upon physical conditions, which are, in their turn, relying upon the productive qualities of food eaten and digested.

THOMAS CARLYLE stood, trembling and dyspeptic, before an audience of young students to bid them avoid his mistakes in reference to this very matter:

"Gentlemen," said the great *savant*, "it would have been a very good thing for me if I had considered health as needing my continual attendance, and there is no kind of achievement that you can make in this world that is equal to it."

Doctor STORRS simply re-echoes the Chelsea sage when he claims that "harmonious intellectual vigor demands opulence of health."

Without making stipulations here concerning diet, since one man's food may be another's poison, it is perfectly safe to lay down the general rule that the brain-worker, to do his normal best, must be a hearty eater. Quote exceptions, if you wish, but they do no more than prove this statement. Some people have been so deceived on this head as to imagine that a man must be very sick before he could be very brilliant; that cadaverous cheeks and wasted forms were the fit temples of the mighty thinkers, and that a genius who bumped the scales at two hundred pounds was an unpoetical anomaly.

But scientific investigation turns aside from such delusions with a very decided contempt, and declares that logic, eloquence and wit are what Doctor HOLMES terms them: "So much beef and pudding" in highest activity.

Four great arteries carry to our brains one-third of the entire circulation of blood. The vital fluid which is their fire and fluid. And this fluid is generated from our food. Every thought and speech consumes brain matter, hence the continual need of a fresh supply. Men who cannot afford time to eat cannot afford time to live to do their best work. For all thinkers and professional men we would prescribe golden-mouthed JEREMY TAYLOR'S maxim: "Every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for the next rescue." You need not so many irritants and drugs, but healthy food and good digestion.

◆

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
A little child was born,
And o'er its lowly manger-bed
The star stood still at morn.

O Bethlehem, O Bethlehem,
Quaint town so far away,
May He who in that manger slept
Smile down on us to-day!

In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
Our Lord and Saviour lay,
And there the stream of love began,
Which flows until this day.

O Bethlehem! O Bethlehem!
Through all the flying years
The star has shone, and angels sung:
"Peace, O ye men of fears!"

At Bethlehem, at Bethlehem,
The angels sang to men.
O Lord, attune our hearts to hear
That heavenly song again!

◆

AN HONEST LIFE IN AN HONEST WORLD.

We live in a real, solid and truthful world—a world where only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Let us not be misled by the superficial glare of dishonesty and fraud. Painted lies, shows and shams are doomed at their birth to ignominious disaster and abiding ruin. If some morbid grumblers would seek to destroy our faith in men and righteousness, do not let us forget that eternal verities govern all things, and the wickedness which flourishes to-day, is dead and gone to-morrow. There is need to reiterate these facts, for we are too apt to overlook them, neglecting what BROWNING has bid us remember:

"God's in His Heaven;
All's right with the world."

Yes, life is a real existence, dealing with abiding issues. Properly viewed and rightly used, it can be made "a rapture to live." If whatever *we are* and whatever *we do* grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality, it cannot fail to bear good fruit. Many a young man and woman, standing with eager expectancy upon the threshold of the arena, asks for some whispered secret concerning the true method of insuring success.

Hard and stubborn facts soon convince the most ideal dreamer that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances; that our daily wisdom is in making a good use of the opportunities within our grasp; that the strong man governs his own occasions, and the weak man is governed by them.

And the chief nobility of life *is work.* We live in a working world. As STUART BLACKIE has well said: "The idle and lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign." Labor found man a brute and has made him an intelligent agent and image of the Divine. It discovered him dwelling in caves, clad in the skins of the chase, devouring uncooked flesh, and has made him what he is to-day.

◆

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "THE SPANISH TREASURE."

A good deal of curiosity has been manifested as to the identity of "Isabella Castelar," the *nom de plume* of the delightful writer, the author of "The Spanish Treasure," and some guesses have been made which are incorrect. To gratify our readers we are permitted to disclose the fact that the author of this splendid novel is Mrs. ELIZABETH C. WINTER, the wife of the poet and critic, WILLIAM WINTER, of the New York *Tribune*.

◆

☞ A present to a relative or a friend of a year's subscription to the New York *Ledger* would be a graceful and welcome reminder of your thoughtfulness fifty-two times in the year.

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COLUMBUS

AND HIS

GREAT ADVENTURES.*

BY S. P. CADMAN.

IN ARCADIA.

Land! Land! Land! Yes, there it lay on that memorable morning, the 12th of October, 1492, a long blue bar between the crimsoned sea and the pale sky of the distant west. Land at last, with rippling streams of fresh water, cooling fruits and free room for ocean-wearied mariners and cramped and scurvied limbs. *There* might lie gems rich and rare and gold as plentiful as grass. For the old world of known resources and dull prosiness was thousands of miles behind them, and here, at their very feet, lay the new one, the chosen sphere of wondrous fable, boundless hope and possibility. Up rushed the sun with level rays glittering on the smooth stems of the palm-trees, and in the growing light, Columbus and his men saw before them a low and level island of great beauty and several leagues in extent. Nature had woven around it the luxuriant robes of tropical bloom. And, as they gazed with delighted awe too vast for words, the song of birds was borne to their ears through an air of balmy fragrance. Down in the transparent depths of the sea darted brilliantly colored fish, easily seen fathoms below.

"Cast anchor!" commanded Columbus, "and man the boats!"

The order was obeyed with an alacrity very strange to men who, three days before, had plotted to murder him. He entered his own boat, no longer the unknown peasant, common mariner or demented adventurer, but grandee of Spain's haughty nobility and admiral of her proud navy thence destined to be for two centuries the mightiest floating on the seas. So Columbus must be known henceforth by these titles in our narrative.

Dressed in an attire of flashing scarlet and gold, and bearing in his hand the royal standard, he floated ashore. Amid cheers and tears and fervent thanksgiving he stepped on land. True to his religious instincts, he flung himself down in prayer, kissed that precious earth with a rapture of joy, and gave his thanks to God. His followers knelt around him, and the natives, awe-stricken and silent, looked on from the distant woods. Then he arose, drew his sword, shook out the folds of Castile's banner to the breezes it had not fluttered in before, and took possession of the discovered land in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, their Catholic majesties of Spain. To the island he gave the name of San Salvador, as a devout recognition of the Divine goodness.

The crews crowded around and took the oath of allegiance to the monarchy and obedience to him whom they had so recently determined to betray. Those who had proved most turbulent in mutiny now knelt in abject submission and implored his forgiveness. He readily granted it, for Columbus had a generous heart. In the midst of his own poverty he never failed to support his indigent family or extend a ready pardon to those who injured him.

They rent the air with wild acclaims and saluted the admiral as one who had suddenly fallen upon most brilliant prospects. It were well for him some of these craven spirits had no power to foresee the future, with all its dark shadows of misery encircling that venerable head. One thinks their evanescent sycophancy would soon have evaporated.

But away with these forebodings. It was morning, without a cloud. No threatening storm discolored the horizon. Everything was lit up with a roseate hue of tropical splendor.

Columbus is in Arcadia, physically, mentally and altogether.

The gentle natives, dusky and lithe-limbed, drew nearer and nearer.

They had seen the ships hovering near that morning. Some thought them strange aërial monsters, whose gigantic white wings had wafted them down from the sky. Others imagined they were mysterious monarchs of the deep which had come up during the silent night. Then they beheld, with increasing terror, the boats approach the shore, filled with bearded warriors, clad in glittering coats of mail and armed with long, bright swords. They formed upon the beach and, with gonfalons and ensigns spread, marched forward in solid phalanx. As they drew near, the aborigines fled and sheltered in the woods.

Their confidence gradually grew when beckoned to return, and, impelled by curiosity, they stole back, prostrating themselves at every step. Columbus attracted their special notice. His lofty figure, commanding mien, splendid attire and evident authority impressed them greatly. Won by his kindness, they, from the day of landing, entered into a firm alliance, which was afterward broken by the unruly hordes Columbus left behind.

They now approached and touched the Spaniards' white skin and beards, examining them with a close scrutiny, to which all submitted with perfect good-humor.

And the natives were no less a fascination to the crews. Their strange features, beardless faces and painted bodies made a fantastic picture which riveted every mariner's gaze. They have left on record the testimony from which we quote. Their forms, unbent by servitude of *any* kind and developed in absolute freedom of *every* kind, rivaled the boasted symmetry of Venus and Apollo. The only weapon they had was a sort of wooden lance, hardened at the end by fire or pointed with flint and bone.

And the country! How can one picture it? Those tempest-ridden mariners are so enthusiastic that we fear even our tame efforts at description will be deemed florid in this mere prosaic land.

The coasts and rivers abounded with fish of a thousand hues, moving masses of prismatic color, as their bejeweled sides shot through the translucent streams. The forests were really vast orchards laden with delicious fruits. Violet grapes, cocoanuts, junipa apples, luscious guavas and the anana, queen of them all, were spread around in all the prodigality of Dame Nature's unstinted banquet. What a consummate pleasure to thus dine, after salt pork and sea-biscuit!

Sunrise in these tropics seemed the gate of heaven. Islands and capes hung high in the air, looking down on their images mirrored in the glassy sea.

The purple sunset, before it deepens into night, reveals clouds whose domes and minarets and palaces were built by no mortal hand. The bright moon glides up steadily, and shines down through a lacework of fronds upon the earth at your feet. Everything is filigreed in its golden light: There the low wooded hills sleep, spangled with fireflies, fifteen of which are put in a pierced calabash to serve as brilliant lanterns; heaths and mosses, breast high; trees whose bark is aroma itself; and in the distance, the murmur of silver billows, unmingled here with the deeper roar of the beasts seeking their meat from God. Is not the title justified? It was indeed an Arcadia brighter and fairer than ever was known in the Greek peninsula.

But we turn reluctantly away to our history. The island Columbus first discovered is still known by the name he gave it, though called then by the natives Guanahani, and, in later days, by the English, Cat Island.

The admiral thought he had landed at India's eastern extremity, and termed his dusky friends Indians, the name universally bestowed on all aborigines of the Western Continent.

The greed of gold has destroyed many an otherwise noble character and obscured, by its baleful glitter, many a lovely prospect. It was so here, as it has been among all men in all ages. The next morning the islanders came swimming and floating in tree canoes around the vessels. "They were poor," says the chronicle, "but we saw small rings of gold upon their otherwise destitute persons." Then commenced a comparatively fruitless quest for treasure. Columbus and his company believed they were on the fringe of that veritable Eldorado, which was as a mirage during the remainder of their stay among the islands—ever near, never present. And all these phantasies were natural if you consider the trend of the adventure. The charts of those days were covered with elaborate drawings of imaginary lands, over which was inscribed: "Much gold and silver here." They had at last reached the lands, and over them an old acquaintance, the Grand Khan, held sway. Did he not live in a place whose roof was studded with the metal? And it was known—so the legend said—that he dined from huge services of the same, bejeweled with rubies. So the one idea of these men Columbus had led from Palos was to gain fabulous wealth. He had nobler aims to which this was subordinate, but we have already said there was little company in such a crowd for him. He was lonely here, as well as on the voyage out.

They knew absolutely nothing concerning their whereabouts. The gestures by the natives were their only guide, for no communication by language could be held. Their clutching for the prized mineral was the commencement of that passion which, like the lion's cub of fable, grew up to strangle all humanity and honor and national greatness in Spain's intercourse with her colonies. Too early did they begin to look upon these vast acquisitions of territory as gold-mines and despise the richer commerce which was trodden down unheeded beneath their gory tramplings. They could see no fairness anywhere, and the charms of the inheritance were but a lovely delusion, because they lusted for wealth they could not find.

The Indians had one response to all inquiries about their ornaments. They pointed to the south, where dwelt a warlike people. "That is Cipango," said Columbus. So the cable rattled upward through the hawse-holes, and, weighing anchor, southward they went. Repetitions of San Salvador and its loveliness arose out of the sea on every side. Three of these islands were visited, and named Santa Maria de la Conception, Fernandina and Isabella. Still, no gold or spices found, and still the natives pointed southward. "Cuba! Cuba!" exclaimed they; and Cuba it remains to-day. There, said they by eloquent motions, are pearls and spices and merchantmen in the harbors. Every mariner was inflamed with new zest. At last, on the 28th of October, the lofty mountains of the Queen of the Antilles hove into sight.

Although Columbus's appetite for the gorgeous must have been satiated, he is now more deeply touched than ever. With elegant and flowing language he describes the grandeur of the mountains, the luxuriance of the valleys and the bold, forest-crowned promontories jutting far out into the sea.

"Cuba," said he, afterward, "is the most beautiful island eyes ever beheld! One would like to live there forever!"

He landed and took formal possession of this, the largest and richest and most important of the West Indian group, naming it Juan, in honor of Queen Isabella's son, the prince-royal. After some explorations, he sent an embassage of two, one a converted Jew, to interview the potentate of whom the natives had gesticulated. They strained the vision from every headland to catch the distant cupolas and domes of this Oriental city. But nothing was found save a rustic village of one thousand inhabitants, and another mightier and more subtle governor of men than even the Grand Khan himself. One which reigns the world over, whose sway is supported by ardent devotees and bitterly opposed by undying enmity. These two mariners first discovered *tobago*, or as we call it, tobacco.

The report they gave put an end to some illusions, but fresh ones continually arose to take their place. Cotton yarn, *yuccas* and *batatas* [potatoes] there were in plenty, but of gold and princes, cities and empires, none, except the nine *caciques*, who lived with their peoples in a pastoral simplicity undefiled by wealth.

So, after coasting to the extremities of Cuba, he turned thitherward, and contrary winds forced him back to the island, to find himself deserted by Martin Pinzon. The latter sailed away with the *Pinta*, in defiance of repeated signals to return, and at daybreak was out of sight. This desertion has been justified by some historians and slightly mentioned by others.

Columbus was both alarmed and excited by this unexpected action. After a few more days of exploration, he reached the point named Alpha and Omega, supposing it to be the end of Asian territory. In the southeast he descried high mountains arising out of the sea and giving evidence of further land. He immediately stood for it, to the consternation of his Indian guides, who assured him the inhabitants had but one eye and were fierce and cruel cannibals. This did not daunt our fifteenth-century Ulysses, and on the eve of the 6th of December the admiral made another important discovery, anchoring in a beautiful roadstead he named Port Conception. The same familiar story greets us. Attractions so diffuse and lovely as to be bewildering met the sight at every turn. They saw fish such as swim in the rapid rivers of Spain and heard birds sing whose melody they fancied was that of the nightingale of Andalusia. So, in honor of their native land, they called the island Hispanolia [Little Spain]. It was renamed by the French as San Domingo, and afterward Hayti. Enraptured with the scenery, Columbus and his men watched eagerly for inhabitants. But the villages were all deserted as they approached. At last a young, handsome female was run down, captured, rewarded and sent home rejoicing in glass beads and colored raiment. After this politic step, they were not troubled for want of company. But where dwelt the one-eyed Cyclops, the man-eaters of these enchanted regions? Echo answered: Where? Nothing less edible than cassava bread and fish in abundance was placed before the guests of honor. And a courteous young *cacique* gave to Columbus a curiously wrought belt and two pieces of gold to betoken his superstitious reverence for one whom he deemed an important member of the celestial hiearchies.

The fame of the visitors spread apace. And on the 20th of December, Guaucauagari, a powerful *cacique*, or chieftain, invited the whole expedition to spend their Christmas festival with him and his court. The large-hearted native also forwarded handsome and peculiar presents by his messengers, among them, a mask, the eyes, nose and tongue of which were made of solid gold.

It was Christmas Eve in the tropics, and Christmas Eve five hours earlier in Spain. The admiral paced the deck, while the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina* threaded their way down the coast of Hispanolia to accept the good *cacique's* splendid hospitality. He stood and watched while beauty, born of the sea's murmuring sound, did pass into his face. The old ocean was calm as a mill-pond, the breezes had died away, the ships lay motionless upon the waters. He left the deck to take repose. Half an hour later the stout little vessel ran aground, sheered over and was a total wreck. A careless steersman who neglected duty and a cowardly crew that did not tarry to save the ship were the causes of this, to them, terrible disaster—wrecked on this unknown coast, thousands of miles from home.

* * * * *

Christmas Eve in Spain. The light was fading down. The high mass had been sung for the third time, and the tones of the choir echoed through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of the old stone cathedral. The good folk of Palos hurried home to merriment and bliss; the father with his children, the lover with his sweetheart. *There* were mummer's plays and blessed legends and smiling faces. Did they think of that triad of ships which had glided over the bar where the angry surf now thundered, in the golden haze of last 3d of August? *Where* were those fathers and husbands, outcasts and rogues?

We shall have to go back once more.

Christmas Eve in the West Indies. The first celebration of the Christ-child's birth in those regions since angels sang his natal hymn on Bethlehem's star-lit plains.

God help our gallant hero! One ship had deserted, and now the doughty queen of his little squadron was wrecked. Nothing but the *Nina's* eighty tons' burden between him and an awful fate! Memorable Christmas Eve, this first one in the New World! Of three vessels, one left, and that the feeblest of them all!

When the host Guaucauagari heard of the sad misfortune, he was moved to tears. Every assistance was given to unload the dismantled vessel. No pilfering or plundering. These natives, noble characters, forbade them to take the smallest advantage of the disaster, although the treasures of the cargo must have appeared priceless to them. Their admirable conduct beneath these testing circumstances amply justifies the highest eulogiums passed upon them; and one is tempted to exclaim: Would their virtue had been the Spaniards' and the Spaniards' civilization theirs!

Christmas Day whirled away, and the new year came. The days were passed in erecting a fort from the timbers of the *Santa Maria*, in national dances, warlike displays and mutual compliments. Columbus determined to plant the first colony here. So many of his crews could not embark in one caravel, and his people who remained could explore the island and find that Cibao which lay among the western mountains, where gold was used, so said Guaucauagari, to pave the very roads.

The day of Columbus's departure came, the gun was fired, and off they went. Farewell to the gentle-souled and dusky natives and their loveliest of all paradises, where they had dwelt from times primeval, untouched by vice or want, and free from care and anxious thoughts! Home to the Spanish main, with his great record, if God only gave that crazy bark a breathing-space in which to cross devouring waves. And the record! What of that? He went back to tell of facts stranger than fiction, of demented imagination justified and scholastic philosophy condemned; to show the trophies of a land which hitherto had been but a Utopian dream; to speak of perils by sea and land, by day and night; of desertion and shipwreck and vain search for hidden treasure. He went back to open up to the astonished vision of the Spaniard and the Anglo-Saxon a picture whose glowing colors enchained Ponce de Leon, Balboa, Sir Francis Drake and John Cabot. But supremely did he re-embark to bring in his own personality the triumphantly convincing proof that to the brave heart nothing is difficult. Holding the destinies of a world in his little vessel, he set sail for Spain.

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THE SPANISH TREASURE.

Continued from page 7.

daughter. She folded her in her arms and held her close to her heart, and then she whispered a thought which came to her suddenly:

“Love, real love, can never die, Polly, dear. It is a great misfortune to have wasted such a love as yours, even for a short time, on the wrong man; but the world is wide, and you are but a child yet. Bury the false lover, if you will, darling—the sooner the better; but you will yet meet the true lover, and then you will know the dead love in your heart is only sleeping, waiting for the right man to awaken it to new and stronger life than it has yet known.”

Polly started and thrilled strangely. There was surely some great force in that thought. She could not yet understand it, and it seemed to give her only pain; and yet, what had her mother said? The world was wide, and she was yet but a very young girl!

“Oh, mamma!” she murmured. “Do not speak to me of other men. I think I hate the whole race of men just now—all except papa—and the whole world is dreary, dreary—especially this part of it—and I wish, I wish I could leave New York—now, to-day—this—hour—forever!”

“And so you shall, dearest!” exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, glad enough for the suggestion, and reminded by it of the advice which Doctor Macdonald had given her to take Mary away and give her the benefit of new scenes and new associations at once. “Your father has spoken of going to California this very week; business calls him there imperatively. Why should we not return there with him?”

“Why, indeed?” exclaimed Mary, her face flushed and bright with the thought. “I should be so glad to go; and it will bring me nearer to Dolores, to my own dear Rita! Yes, I know I shall find her there!”

Mrs. Hamilton repressed the words of impatience that rose to her lips. Her suspicions in regard to Dolores and Stanley remained unchanged. But, determined to keep her promise to Polly so recently given, she turned away, and, going to the door, answered in person the servant who had just knocked.

“It is Bertha Sefton,” she said, looking toward Polly. “Norah says that although she gave your message that you could not see any one to-day, Miss Sefton insists on seeing you, and declares she will not go away without speaking to you. Very rude of her! Shall I go down and see her, dear?”

“No, mamma, dear; let her come up. Since I am going away, I ought to see her to say good-bye. She has been constant in calling every day, though I have refused to see her now for almost a week. Norah, show Miss Sefton up here; say I will see her in my room.”

But Bertha Sefton did not wait for the servant to repeat these words. She had followed Norah upstairs, greatly to the girl's surprise, and, having already heard all that Mary Hamilton had said, now hurriedly entered the room, and in great agitation threw herself at the feet of her friend, exclaiming:

“Polly, Polly! Forgive me, promise to forgive me, or I will never rise from here!”

“Forgive you?” asked Polly, in wondering amazement, “what am I to forgive, Bertha? Rise, there 's a good girl. I 'm sure there is nothing that you can have done but what I can forgive very easily; now, rise! What is it I am to forgive?”

“Ah, but that is just the trouble?” continued Bertha, wildly, “you don't yet know what I have done, and you can never guess, and that is what makes it so hard; but you must first promise to forgive me, or else I can never get courage to tell you the whole dreadful truth. Promise, promise!”

She seized Polly's hands and, in her excitement, held them so tight that her grasp left the impress of her gloved fingers on the fingers of Polly.

“Well, well,” said the latter, soothingly, “I forgive you whatever it is, Bertha; now calm yourself, and rise. I don't like having people on their knees at my feet.”

“Oh, dearest Polly, how shall I tell you? How could I ever be such a treacherous wretch?”

She had started to her feet at Polly's last words, and now stood helplessly twisting her hands together, tearing her gloves and presenting an almost distraught appearance, very unlike the usual placid and calm Bertha Sefton. At length, with an effort, she overcame her agitation.

“Polly,” she said, “I don't wish to make my own fault the least little bit less than it really is; but this has been all the doing of Olive Gaye—my part in it as well as hers. She has acquired such a power over me, it has been like witchcraft. She has made me do just as she wished. But she is gone now, and, I hope, gone out of my life forever, and I have recovered my senses. In the beginning it was by playing on my feelings that she first gained an influence over me. I didn't know that I was jealous, and I wasn't really; but she made me feel bitter against you, because you had seemed to slight my friendship in your love for Dolores Mendoza; and then when Dolores left you so suddenly, she declared it was a righteous punishment upon you for betraying my friendship, because I had better and prior claims. Oh, I can't tell you how deep and how cunning she is! She makes thoughts grow in one's mind that never had a place there before. Then, about Mr. Stanley—it was so dreadful, and you breaking your heart about him all the time, and I pretending not to know! How could I be so wicked!”

Polly's hand instinctively went to her heart; she felt suffocated. What was she about to hear? Had her mother been right after all? She felt dizzy and trembled as if about to fall. Mrs. Hamilton quickly passed her arm about the trembling form of her daughter and turned sternly toward their visitor.

“That man's name is not to be mentioned again in this house!” she said. “My daughter sent him from her. If you come here, Miss Sefton, to say that you have assisted in his elopement with Dolores, perhaps my poor child can forgive you. I say ‘perhaps,’ but I am sure that I never can forgive you while I live!”

“Oh, not with Dolores! I know nothing of *her!*” exclaimed Bertha, bursting into tears. “Lord Clarence Stanley has married Olive Gaye; and I did what I could to assist them: I engaged the clergyman, and stood by and saw them married, and signed my name as witness. It was all as horrid as anything could be, and not a bit like a real marriage with a real lord, except, of course, that Mr. Martin *is* a real clergyman; but I never supposed Olive Gaye would be satisfied with such a wedding as that. They were married last night, and they said good-bye to me at the door of the house when we left Mr. Martin's, jumped into a carriage that was waiting, and were driven away and out of sight before I could realize that they were gone. I stood and looked after them, and pinched myself black and blue to prove it wasn't a dream. And it was real—real! And, oh, Polly, do *try* to forgive me, for I never can forgive myself!”

Polly Hamilton drew a long breath of profound and joyous relief, and, to Bertha's amazement, she caught her in her arms and kissed her.

“Olive Gaye!” repeated Mrs. Hamilton, stupidly. “Olive Gaye! Lord Clarence Stanley has married Olive Gaye, and she will be Countess of Windermere!”

“And much good may it do her!” exclaimed Polly Hamilton. “She is entirely welcome to that honor. And now, mamma, dear, you will admit that Rita is entirely vindicated. My own darling Rita! How glad I am that I have believed in her, in spite of everything! Bertha, you have brought me joyful news; so that, if you had been even less a friend than you accuse yourself of being, I think *I* could still forgive you everything.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE SANTIAGO CANYON.

Upon a rustic seat, beneath the spreading branches of a live-oak tree, sat two ladies in silent but pleased contemplation of two little girls who were at that moment amusing themselves with the fallen “cups and saucers” of the oak, by which name they described the acorns and their outer rings, with which the greensward was thickly covered. The younger and by far the more beautiful of these two ladies was dressed in white, but the black sash that defined her slender waist and the knots of narrow black ribbon at the throat and on the sleeves served to indicate that the wearer was in mourning, while the pensive and somewhat worn young face of the lovely mourner showed plainly enough that her grief had been a heavy one. The second lady was evidently many years older than her companion, although a merry heart and a happy life had made the years pass so lightly as hardly to leave the traces of their flight. She was the mother of the little girls, and her companion was their governess; but the position of the latter was merely nominal. Her employer was a dear and intimate friend, who had, in early girlhood, been the friend of her young governess's mother, and who now felt far more like a mother toward her early friend's daughter than a mere employer for paid services.

“Dolores,” said Mrs. Travers, suddenly breaking the silence, “do you know, dear, that it distresses me to observe that the sadness I thought at first wholly due to your bereavement and loneliness does not grow less with time?”

“It will, dear Mrs. Travers,” returned Dolores, with an effort assuming a brighter expression and calling more animation into her voice and manner; “but, indeed, I shall never get accustomed to my loss in mamma's death and I can never cease to mourn her absence. It means so much to me! Oh, it is a whole world of grief and sorrow!”

“Of course it is, dear, and who could wish to have you love her less? For that is the true test. We mourn the absence of those we love just in proportion to the amount of our love for them, unless we are fortunate enough to feel that they are not very far away. But cannot you feel the presence, the true spiritual presence of your mother, Dolores, although she is no longer visible or tangible?”

Dolores turned to her companion with a bright answering look of faith and sympathy.

“I always feel so,” she said; “I always have felt so. I could not bear my life but for that conviction—that mamma has not really left me; that she is often near me in spirit and thought. But there are times when that is *not* a comfort; it is a positive pain because it is so unsatisfying, and I so love to feel her material presence, to hold her in my arms and feel her kiss on my face. Dear Mrs. Travers, so long as we live in this poor, old-fashioned, every-day human world we must forever yearn for ‘the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.’ But, indeed, I will try not to be selfish in my grief, especially in the presence of the children, for it is not right to impose sorrows that can neither be known nor understood on young, growing minds. I had so much of that in my own childhood that I can thoroughly understand the effect of it,—but in my case it was unavoidable. Ever since papa died my whole life has been gray except for the brightness of my mother's love!”

“Oh, you dear girl!” exclaimed Mrs. Travers, affectionately. “Don't imagine for one moment that I require any justification for your sadness! It is only my wish to remove, or at least to lighten it, that made me speak of it. The children adore you, and they don't find you sad—in fact that is one reason why I allow you to fatigue yourself in your duties toward them. I see that you often forget yourself entirely in devotion to them. But Dolores, there are times when I cannot forgive myself for having lost trace of your mother. I had gone to Paris, to have what my mother called ‘a few years' finishing,’ and then I remained several years in France. When I returned to San Francisco I heard something of the ill-fortune that had overtaken your father; but before I could trace your family and find out what had become of you, I went abroad again, with papa, and we spent several years in England; it was there I was married, and there I lived for many years, only returning to California again for a brief visit. But, brief though it was, I tried to get some news of my dear Alice, but never could trace her.

“Your father was at all times a very reticent man, and when misfortune overtook him I suppose he became still more so; besides he was so devoted to Alice that, so long as he possessed her love, all else might go and he would neither know nor care, unless she suffered by it. She was literally the whole world to him.”

“Yes,” said Dolores, a soft flush overspreading her pale, fine, delicate face, “that was my dear father! How often I have heard mamma speak of his love for her in just those words—and such a love *is* all the world, and ought to be, to any man or woman.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” returned Mrs. Travers musingly, “a grand passion is a fine thing—when it is the real thing; but I dont think I am capable of it myself. Now you, Dolores, with such a father and mother as you had, I suppose when you fall in love it will be an absorbing affair—in fact there is what one might call hereditary predisposition—”

“I suppose so—I certainly hope so,” answered Dolores. The delicate flush that had overspread her face deepened to a vivid crimson on the soft, peach-like cheek. “It is the only love worth knowing—the instant, irresistible passion of two kindred souls recognizing themselves as one, in the electric flash of a first momentary but all-sufficient look.”

“Oh, good gracious, Dolores!” cried Mrs. Travers, with an accent of comic despair. “You speak with all the conviction of a perfect knowledge of the subject. I do hope you have not fallen in love with any one—at least, not yet.”

“I cannot answer that,” said Dolores, in confusion, “because, though I feel that I know what love should be, I don't yet know—oh, please, dear Mrs. Travers, don't ask me any more about it!”

“Oh, Dolores!” groaned Mrs. Travers, “Don't say—don't tell me! Or, rather, *do* tell me; dear, I beg of you to answer me just one question: Is it? Oh, say it is *not* that poor Henri Van Tassel?”

Dolores turned on her friend a look of such blank amazement, that Mrs. Travers felt herself most eloquently answered, even before the astonished girl burst into peals of laughter—laughter which was repeated again and again, till the air reverberated with the sound, and the children glanced inquiringly but appreciatively toward their usually grave and restrained governess, whom they had never before known capable of such merriment.

“Poor Henri!” said Dolores, at last, “I have told you, from the first, that he was as a brother to me, and I am even more grateful for him than for myself to have found a home here; it never dawned on me for a moment that any one, least of all you, could mistake our relation toward each other.”

“Well, dear, I am very glad,” said Mrs. Travers, “to have you deny it so emphatically, and the idea is perfectly absurd, for I didn't really suppose there was love of that sort between you and Van Tassel. But, my dear Dolores, the man simply worships you, and then you have many times gone off over the mountains for long walks together, and you have always come back looking so very serious and often quite troubled.”

“That is true,” responded Dolores, very gravely, “and there is much that we have spoken of that I would be glad to tell you about, and concerning which I am much in need of advice; but, alas! it involves the happiness of another whom I love more than myself—my dear, dear Polly Hamilton.”

“‘Polly Hamilton?’ Yes, you have told me of her, Dolores; and, though you are too generous to say so, I am sure that man to whom she was engaged was really in love with *you*, and that is why you were obliged to steal away so mysteriously.”

“Yes, dear Mrs. Travers, I am obliged to let you guess that much; but, please spare me from saying more. Perhaps I may never see dear Polly again; indeed, knowing all that I do now, it will be impossible. For she is by this time, or will be soon, married to Lord Clarence—”

“‘Lord Clarence?’” exclaimed Mrs. Travers, excitedly. “You never called him so before! Surely it cannot be possible? Is he Clarence Stanley?”

“That was the name I knew him by,” said Dolores, in a very guarded tone.

By this time she knew all that Van Tassel knew as to the identity of Clarence Stanley and Carlos Mendoza; and her mind was torn with anxiety as to whether to keep the secret or make it known to the Hamiltons. She knew nothing of Polly since the hour she had parted from her, and she felt certain that Stanley, as soon as he should be reconciled to her, would urge a speedy marriage; and, if they were already married, what terrible anguish would she inflict by the revelations she could now make concerning the false Lord Clarence Stanley.

Mrs. Travers, had she been less excited by what she had just heard, might have read a part of this perplexity and trouble in the looks and tones of Dolores; but her mind was wholly occupied with different ideas.

“How extraordinary this is!” she said, in answer to the words of Dolores. “And how strange that I should be the one to give Lord Harold Moray this most interesting news. You must know, my dear, that there is the greatest anxiety in the Stanley family now to find this missing Lord Clarence. It was just about the time we left New York that the news was published of the death of Lord Frederick Stanley and his only child; and a few days before I had met the heir-at-law, Lord Harold Moray, who had recently arrived in this country in search of the missing heir. Lord Frederick was still living when Lord Harold left England; and the latter, so far from wishing the possible succession to Windermere for himself, had one only desire—to find Clarence Stanley, who was betrothed to Constance Moray; and—oh dear—when he does find him now, how will it be, since you say he is probably married to Polly Hamilton?”

Dolores clasped her hands in despair and became quite pale.

“Oh, my poor, dear Polly!” she said. “She has given her heart to a wretch—to a monster—I fear; and everything I hear about him only confirms my own feeling against him, which declared itself from the first moment of our meeting."

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Travers, "he seems to be something of a Don Giovanni. First he engages himself to Lady Constance Moray; then to your friend, Polly Hamilton, whom he would certainly have thrown over for you, if you had been willing. But that is the way with men, my dear. They are all like that, with a few exceptions, of course, which only prove the rule. But was there anything else about this fascinating Clarence, apart from his fickleness, that was particularly wrong?"

"Oh, he was *all* wrong—everything about him!" Dolores began, impetuously.

And then, remembering Polly, she shut her lips firmly, resolved not to speak another word on the distressing subject until she could give it all most careful consideration in the solitude of her own thoughts And what a horrible complication, aided now by the new light that Van Tassel had shed on Stanley, the whole affair had become! How her heart ached for Polly! And she felt disloyal toward her that she was obliged, even temporarily, to seem her rival. That, at least, she could explain to Mrs. Travers, and she said quickly:

"But I must not let you suppose that *I* was the rival of dear Polly Hamilton. It was not so, as I assured her, and as I fervently hope she is now quite convinced. If that man was ever capable of loving any woman, he was in love with Polly. But the passion of his life was gold. He knew from the first that I was the direct and only true heir of the great Mendoza treasure, and he was simply insane on that subject. He has pursued it all his life, and in me he saw his ruling idea embodied. When he no longer sees me, his love will revert again to the buried treasure, and his allegiance to Polly, such as it is, will be as loyal as before he ever saw me."

"How strange, Dolores!" answered Mrs. Travers. "And there may be something in what you say. The Stanley family is mixed up in relationship with a Spanish family of your name, and so is Lord Harold Moray. Strange that I never thought of it before. I knew them quite well during my stay in England, but my acquaintance was more particularly with the Moray branch of the family. When I met Lord Harold in New York, of course he told me of his object in visiting the country, and that he was coming to California to follow up a clew which he had obtained in regard to his missing kinsman. Of course, I invited him when he should come this way to be my guest, and I am in momentary expectation of his arrival. Jim Sing has actually gone to the Santa Ana station to meet him, and by this time he is on his way through the canyon."

Dolores could not repress a slight start of apprehension, and she said, in a visibly troubled manner:

"I am very sorry to hear this, dear; it makes my position much more unpleasant. Oh, don't ask me now! I must think; I must consider. If I am to meet this gentleman, and he is in search of Lord Clarence Stanley—oh, Mrs. Travers, I see that I shall have to tell you all I know about that man and take your advice, for Polly's sake, as to what I ought to do."

"My dear, I shall be delighted!" said Mrs. Travers, gayly. "If there is anything I am most fitted for, beyond all other things, it is the giving of advice. You will find that I have mines of wisdom garnered up inside this silly little head of mine. Even my severe husband is complimentary enough to say that I am not such a fool as I look. But tell me, Dolores, about this mysterious Mendoza treasure, of which I used to hear ages ago. Have you no idea at all where it lies buried?"

"Not the least, except that it is concealed somewhere in the Santiago Canyon."

"In the Santiago Canyon!" cried Mrs. Travers, excitedly. "Why, this is the Santiago Canyon, right here, where we are now living!"

"Yes, I know it," replied Dolores; "I have known it ever since I came home with you; and somewhere in this canyon my dear father found a grave. Death was the only treasure he found here, and," she added sadly, "perhaps it is the greatest of all treasures to those who find it. Certainly it is if it opens the gate to the only true life."

"My dearest girl," said Mrs. Travers, almost reprovingly—she quite dreaded a line of thinking to which she often thought Dolores too much inclined, and which, to her, seemed morbid—"you know you promised me not to have such gloomy thoughts. Do you know in what part of the canyon your poor father was buried?"

"Mamma has often enough described the place—a little distance from a clump of sycamore trees, twelve trees growing out of a single root, she said, and on one of the trunks is carved the rudely outlined figure of an Indian woman; I don't know if that figure means anything, but mamma and I have often thought that perhaps it was associated in some way with our Indian ancestor, and as papa was searching for the treasure at that time, he begged to be buried in that spot. Poor dear father! His mind had broken down, and mamma could never understand his wild ravings about the buried treasure and its hiding-place."

"And you have absolutely no clue?" asked Mrs. Travers, in a disappointed tone.

"None at all; papa had a paper or parchment or something of the sort, containing the whole secret, but he could not follow it out, and he had either lost the paper or else had so carefully hidden it that it was worse than lost. Mamma used to have wild hopes of finding it years ago, and even to the last she clung to the thought that I should yet be a great heiress. But I take no interest in it, Mrs. Travers, none at all! Though I have indeed sought for the sycamore-trees, it has been to find my father's grave; it was my mother's last earthly wish to be buried beside the husband she loved and who had adored her."

"Oh, Dolores, dear child! Why did you not tell me sooner," said Mrs. Travers, in a voice tremulous with sympathetic feeling, "I could have done much to further your desire; I will immediately take steps to do so. Did you find the place?"

"Not yet, but I shall surely do so; those long rambles which you have seen me take in company with Henri have been in search of that clump of trees. I have at times almost despaired, and have wondered if they could have been a fancy of mamma, or if some accident might not, in all these years, have destroyed the trees—"

"No, no, the trees exist!" interrupted Mrs. Travers, eagerly, "they are known as the haunted sycamores; it is said that once every year, for ages past, on the 12th of October, a shadowy ghost is seen flitting about there; it is a mere legend, of course, and no such thing occurs. Some effect of the moonlight, probably, but the ghost-story has served to locate the spot, and it can easily be found."

"On the 12th of October," repeated Dolores, "oh, why did I not tell you sooner! I have lost so much time!"

"Don't be troubled about that, Dolores, —the right time always comes—even when we think we have lost it. And I hope it has come now," she added irrelevantly, rising and taking a hasty step or two toward a gentleman who was rapidly approaching her across the lawn.

So much engaged had they been in their conversation that neither had heard the approach of the carriage on the road at some distance; and for the moment, both had forgotten the expected arrival of a guest.

Dolores also rose, and with a vague, delightful flutter of anticipation, her gaze was fixed on the approaching stranger—she could not be mistaken! There was not in all the world such another, so gracious, graceful, distinguished in bearing, so refined, elegant and absolutely perfect, in the elevated and the spiritual beauty of his countenance; and now he, too, had recognized her, and once more two lovely and kindred souls seemed looking at each other out of their eyes, and recognizing some close and eternal relationship in that long, deep gaze.

"My dear Dolores," said Mrs. Travers, "this is my friend, Lord Harold Moray—Lord Harold, the Señorita Mendoza."

Dolores put out her hand—her lovely white, trembling hand; and Lord Harold, clasping it in his, felt himself thrilled to the heart by that first touch of the warm, pink, sensitive palm.

He bowed low over her hand, and with difficulty refrained from raising it to his lips; and Mrs. Travers thought: "Well, certainly they have made an impression on each other. I could not reasonably hope for more, on a first acquaintance. But is it the first? Can it be possible that they have met before?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 51.]

◆

BE CAREFUL, SKATERS!

Skating is one of the most exhilarating of all out-door winter amusements. But many fatal accidents attend it, which a little caution would avoid. Skaters should venture slowly and cautiously until they have fully tested the strength of the ice; and air-holes and other weak places, if there are any, should be plainly marked by stakes or some other clearly visible objects.

Already our exchanges have begun to chronicle drowning accidents from skating. We hope this article, by calling the attention of our young readers to the subject, may serve to put them on their guard, and thus be the means of saving some lives.

CÆSAR'S REPLY.

BY SUSANNA B. B. MERRIFIELD.

She sat with her arms in loving embrace,
With her hat thrown back from her sweet, young face.
His black, shaggy head—'twas a dog, you must know—
Lay across the child's neck, as white as the snow.

"Oh, Cæsar, dear Cæsar!" she spoke very low,
"Can't you talk? Now try, fix your mouth just so!
Do tell me you love me! I love you, you see,
And I want you to say so right out to me!

"If I'm naughty or good, I come without fear
And tell you it all, right into your ear;
But I want you to talk. Try, Cæsar, now *do;*
Just say a few words, no matter how few.

"*Can't* you, pet, just to please little Maud? Now try.
If you do, the dear Lord way up in the sky
Will help you, I'm sure, as my mamma tells me,
If I'm good, as I know I ought always to be.

"And *you* are so good; if you tried real well,
He'd help you to talk, and then you could tell
How you love me—oh, sweet Cæsar, dear!
What all this long year I've been wanting to hear."

Then a big, black paw was laid on her hand,
And a kiss was put there that was ever so bland.
'Twas no word like her own that the dog then spoke,
But it told the whole tale—and this is no joke.

◆

"BARBARA FREITCHIE."

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth Tells How Whittier Came to Write the Poem.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the popular novelist, lives in a picturesque house on the heights of Georgetown, overlooking the Potomac. The authoress, who was a life-long friend of John G. Whittier, told the reporter to-day an interesting story of her connection with the writing of the Quaker poet's famous ballad of "Barbara Freitchie."

"In September, 1863," said Mrs. Southworth, "a Mr. C. S. Ramsburg, a neighbor of mine, related to my son Richmond and myself the story of Stonewall Jackson's raid through Maryland the previous year and his passage through Frederick, telling us how old Barbara Freitchie, a connection of Mr. Ramsburg, hung out from her window the Stars and Stripes, and how they were shot down. If I remember rightly, Barbara was at the time more than ninety years old.

"The town was about equally divided between sympathizers with the Union and the Confederacy. Barbara was a stanch Unionist, and when, on hearing of the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, the Unionists of the town hid their flags, the brave old lady nailed a small American flag to a staff and placed it at her window. Jackson came riding in at the head of his men and, seeing the flag, ordered them to shoot it down. They did so and the flag fell. It was then that Barbara caught the flag up and, leaning far out of her window, waved it high above Jackson's head, crying out to him: 'Shoot me if you dare, but spare the flag.' Jackson halted, looked up at the brave old lady, and to the everlasting glory of the man and soldier, ordered his men to 'march on.' That was about the way the incident was related to me by Mrs. Ramsburg," said Mrs. Southworth, "and upon my son remarking: 'What a grand subject for a poem by Whittier, mother,' I sat down and wrote to Mr. Whittier, telling him the story and acquainting him with my son's suggestion. I received an early reply, which was as follows:

"AMESBURY, 9 mo., 8th, 1863.

"'MY DEAR MRS. SOUTHWORTH: I heartily thank thee for thy very kind letter and its enclosed "message." It ought to have fallen into better hands, but I have just written out a little ballad of "Barbara Freitchie," which will appear in the next *Atlantic*. If it is good for anything thee deserve all the credit of it. I wish I could accept thy kind invitation to thy pleasant cottage home, but I am too much of an invalid to undertake the journey. I thank thee none the less, however, for asking me. I shall go there in imagination if I cannot otherwise.

"'With best wishes for thy health and happiness, I am, most truly thy F. D.,

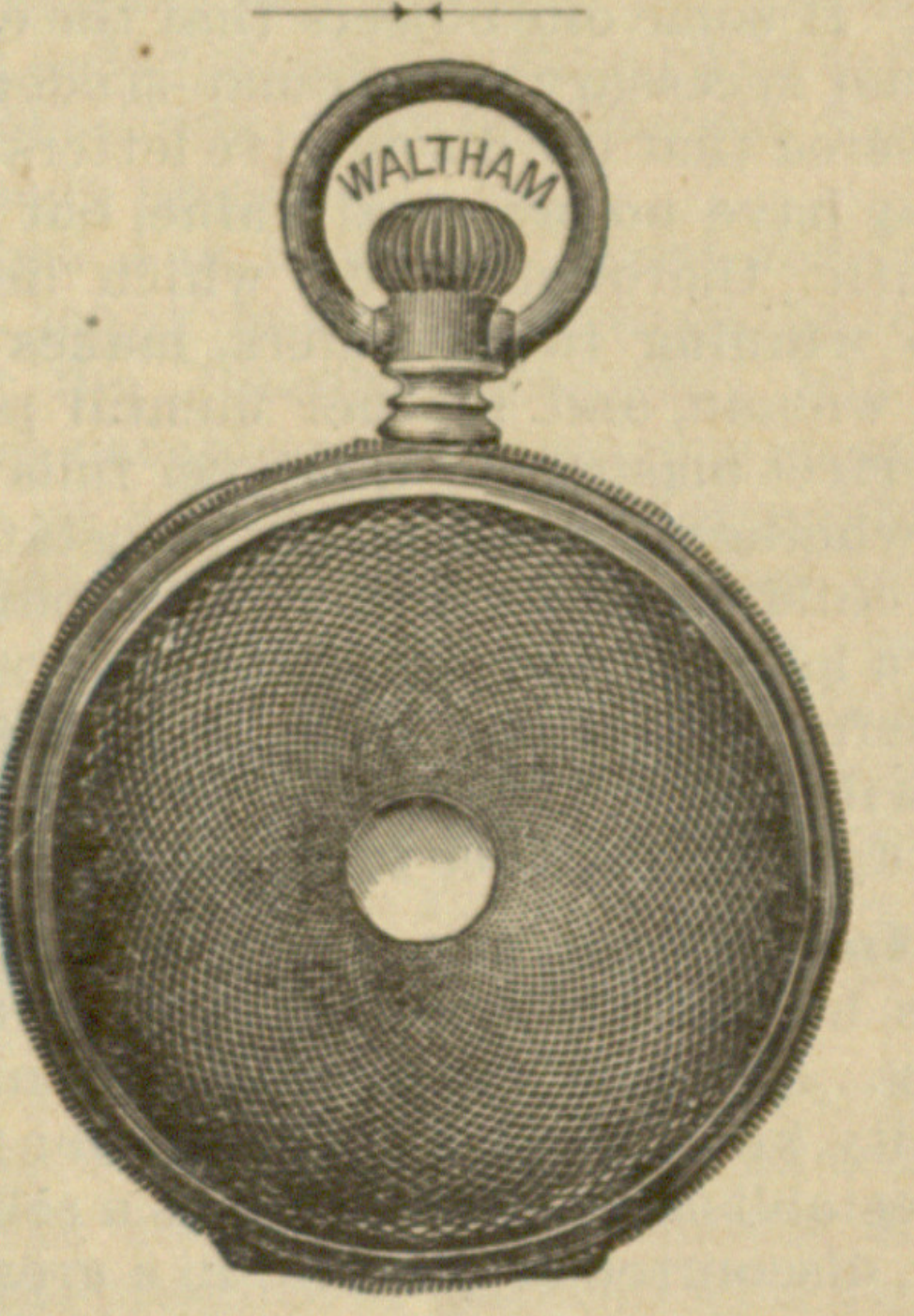
"'JOHN WHITTIER.'

"We corresponded for many years," continued Mrs. Southworth, "and when I sent him the story of 'Barbara Freitchie,' I wrote him that I considered it a message from the spirit world. Barbara died, if I remember correctly, shortly after the incident related, and therefore never had the pleasure of reading Mr. Whittier's beautiful lines, which first appeared, I think, in the *Atlantic* of October, 1863."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A FAMILY OFFER.

Watches for Our Subscribers and Readers at Much Less than the Usual Price.

By reading this article, even those readers who do not want a first-class watch at any price will be interested in learning the phenomenally low prices at which the LEDGER can sell goods.



The *Ledger* will purchase for its subscribers Waltham and Elgin watches at prices much less than they can buy them of any jeweler. Every one knows the excellence of these watches, and that they are the best in the world for anything like the money; but many are compelled to purchase foreign counterfeits simply because they cannot purchase the genuine without paying two or three prices. The *Ledger* has selected watches which represent the best value for the money of any watches yet made. The *Ledger* is the Great Family Paper, and it proposes to furnish watches suitable for every member of the families who read the *Ledger*, whether they are subscribers or buy the *Ledger* from their newsdealer. If you wish to buy any of these watches, and are a reader who buys his *Ledger* from a newsdealer, please send us the name and address of your newsdealer with your order.

WATCHES FOR FATHERS.

No. 1 is a Waltham or Elgin watch, Hunting Case or Open Face, in the works of which are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set and all improvements. The case is made of solid gold, of two qualities, and is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. The Brooklyn Granger case is made by the Brooklyn Watch-Case Company, and this Company guarantees the outside layer to be 14-k. gold and the inside layer to be 4-k. gold. Sent to any subscriber by insured registered mail for $25.10.

No. 2. Same works in gold-filled case, guaranteed to wear fifteen years, Open Face, $12.00. Hunting Case, $15.50.

No. 3. Same works in solid nickel-silver case, Open Face, $5.50.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS.

No. 4 is a solid 14-k. gold engraved Hunting Case watch, ladies' size. The works (either Waltham or Elgin) contain eleven jewels, stem-wind and set and all improvements. This watch, like all the rest, is an accurate time-keeper and is offered at one-half the usual price. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $25.00.

No. 5 is the same as No. 4, but the case is gold filled; guaranteed to wear twenty years. Price, delivered to any subscriber, $17.25.

FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

No. 6 is a Waltham or Elgin seven-jeweled watch, stem-wind and set, solid gold Hunting Case, ladies' size. This is good enough for the daughter of the President. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $18.50.

No. 7 has the same works as No. 6 in a gold-filled Hunting Case, full engraved, guaranteed to wear fifteen years. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $15.40.

WATCHES FOR THE SONS.

No. 8 is a Waltham or Elgin watch like No. 1, in a solid coin-silver, 3-ounce case, Open Face or Hunting. Delivered to any subscriber for $12.00.

No. 9 is the same as No. 3, and for boys is the best watch in the world, being strong, handsome and accurate. Price $5.50.

THE LEDGER MODEL WATCH.

This is a watch suitable for a father or son. We call it "The *Ledger* Model Watch," because, as patriotic Americans, we are especially proud of this production of American industry. The movement (or works) is made according to the celebrated Waltham Riverside model. The case is a gem of the jeweler's art, being a gold-filled case, with two heavy sheets of 14-k. gold, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for twenty years.

Price to our subscribers, $20.00, and they can have either Open Face or Hunting Case. We feel confident that all who buy this watch will think as highly of it as we do, and be just as proud of it, too.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

No watches sent C. O. D. No watches offered as premiums. Every watch will be sent in perfect condition. Should any watch be damaged in the mails, the subscriber should return it to this office at once. The *Ledger* guarantees satisfaction in every case, and if the subscriber is convinced that his watch is not as advertised his money will be refunded within reasonable time.

All our watches are the latest product of the great Waltham and Elgin factories. All watches are stem-winders and setters.

These prices do *not* include a subscription. A subscriber may buy as many watches as he likes from us and at our greatly reduced prices. But only the subscribers to the *Ledger* or those who buy the *Ledger* at the news-stands can buy at these prices. If you want a watch, and are not a subscriber, you can become a subscriber by adding to your remittance $2.00 for a year's subscription to the *Ledger*, and then you can purchase any of our watches.

IMPORTANT.

In ordering, be careful to name the number of the offer, the kind of case, and whether Open Face or Hunting. Say whether an Elgin or Waltham is preferred, also please state the price of the watch you want.

Every watch will be sent by registered mail. Each one will be inspected and regulated before mailing, but while only perfect watches ever leave the Elgin and Waltham factories, accidents are possible in the mails. The watch should be carefully wound and run when received, and if not in perfect order should be remailed to the *Ledger* office within a reasonable time.

Address all letters and remittances to
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Ledger Office, New York City.

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

A Two Years' Course of Study in interior decorations as an adjunct to the work of the school of architecture is to be offered by the University of Pennsylvania, and to this women are to be admitted. Thirty women are now studying for the degree of doctor of philosophy in the post-graduate course, and it is probable that soon all departments of the university will be open to women. If some one objects that the college degree is not necessary to a woman-student, it may be answered that the distinctive letters of the degree may have no practical value, but the close, systematic, thorough study which lies on the road to winning those letters, makes a nobler type of woman, and fits her mental powers for more perfect mastery of whatever falls to her lot in life, whether it be managing an estate, sewing for her children or directing the commonest affairs of a house. And again, the letters might be very useful should she study a profession and either willingly or from stern necessity come to depend upon its practice for support.

The Individual man or woman is, in some respects, ludicrously transformed when taken collectively. A man or woman whose reputation for generosity, kindliness and consideration for others is well established, often becomes a selfish, self-seeking, discourteous creature in a great crowd, and quite ready to push every one in his or her path to the wall, in order that he or she may secure a front seat or the most desirable point of vantage. It was at a gospel temperance meeting, when a noted philanthropist was to address a crowded audience, that a fine-looking, gray-haired woman obtained possession of some desirable seats by palpable fraud, retained them by falsehood in the great crowd, and endured the gibes and richly deserved rebukes of those about her; yet this same woman was moved to tears by the speaker's eloquence, and doubtless was, as she looked, a generous enthusiast and benevolent worker—when she was not in a crowd.

A Unique Entertainment will be provided for the delectation of visitors to the World's Fair, if the plans of the Wah Yung Chinese Theatre Company are approved by the government. A party of Chinese magnates have leased property near the World's Fair Grounds and propose to bring over two hundred Chinese artists and actors, to build the strange little building, part pagoda, part *châlet*, with its decorations of salamanders and dragons in vermilion and gold, and to conduct the performances. To an occidental Chinese theatricals are entertaining and amusing in the extreme, and the actors themselves appear to get great diversion out of them, and are quite willing that the audience should understand them. A Chinese restaurant is proposed in connection with the theatre.

The Magnificent Episcopal Cathedral, which is to be built in New York city and in which all lovers of architectural beauty are deeply interested, is to be the largest and most imposing structure in the country. Recently, a wealthy New Yorker has given a half-million dollars toward the fund of five million necessary to the building, and work on the choir will be begun at once. It is thought that the choir may be ready for use in December, 1895. It will be situated at the corner of 110th Street and Columbus Avenue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Brown Davis, who computes the ephemeris of the sun for *The Nautical Almanac*, has unusual ability as a mathematician and astronomer. She invented and copyrighted the Washington-Greenwich table now used by the government, and while she was yet a student she surprised her instructors by discovering an error in one of La Place's tables, which had for years resulted in inconsistencies in astronomical calculations that had puzzled astronomers all over the world.

The "Gospel Barge" which the Episcopal Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, has had constructed for missionary work in towns and camps along the Missouri River, is soon to be launched at Bismarck. It is ninety-three feet long and twenty-five broad, and will command five hundred miles of territory along the river. It is called the "Missouri Missioner."

Queen Christina of Spain believes that children could be brought up with much greater care if each mother were allowed to punish, not her own, but her neighbor's children. This proves two things—first, that the boy-king must have had some experiences out in the area and, second, that Spanish mothers are as human as American mothers.

Lady Somerset, whose second visit to this country has recently terminated, is so zealous in the cause of temperance that she frequently goes down into the mines and talks with the miners.

The police matrons of Chicago are required to wear uniforms of blue serge, with double-breasted, close-fitting basques, blue-serge buttons and skirts underlined and entirely clear of the ground.

Four women, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Lucy Larcom, Alice Freeman Palmer and Mary B. Claflin, were among the poet Whittier's honorary pall-bearers.

Somersby Rectory, where Lord Tennyson was born, and in which are many of the scenes of his earlier poems, is offered for sale.

The Daughters of the Revolution in Washington will have a portrait of Mrs. Harrison painted for the White-House gallery.

Dr. Mary T. O'Callaghan has been appointed visiting physician for the girls of the Lancaster (Mass.) Reform School.

Mrs. P. W. Mount is editor of *Current News*, a monthly journal of merit published in New Orleans.

The caustic Dean Swift once ungallantly wondered how an angel would look at thirty-six.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

A Beloved Little Princess.

When the little German princess was born, about three months ago, to the Emperor and Empress of Germany, all the people of that country were highly delighted. There are, you know, six dear little princes, all less than twelve years old; but in all the royal family of Germany there was not one baby-girl.

Although very proud of his boys, the emperor was very glad to have a little girl to brighten the dull old castle, and so, on the day when the little daughter was born, the emperor tried to show his pleasure in a way which would be appreciated by the people. First, he ordered a fine dinner to be served in the castle to all who are employed there, even in the humblest capacity. The scrub-women, the chimney-sweeps, the dish-washers and the scullions were given a grand feast, such as they, probably, never had before.

Next, the emperor gave orders that all the women who were in prison for any small offense should be set free in honor of the baby-girl. And, finally, the emperor gave out to the poor women of the kingdom four hundred complete sets of baby-clothes, nicely made and very comfortable, so that at least four hundred babies should be made happier by the coming of the baby-girl.

But it must have been the good empress who suggested giving the baby-clothes.

A Little Queen's Pet.

When Queen Victoria was a little girl, before thoughts of the English throne had ever entered her baby head, she was the owner of a very fine coop of Cochin China fowls. There were very large white roosters, beautiful, plump hens and downy chicks by the dozen, for the coop was a very large one.

But the pet of all the pets was a big rooster, who had learned to know his little mistress and to follow her around the inclosure where he was kept. Many photographs were taken of the Cochin China fowls; and later, when the little Victoria grew to be a woman and was called to the English throne, she took her Cochin China fowls with her, and had them installed at Grasse, one of her country seats.

They are still at Grasse, and for a generation the queen's children and grandchildren have played with them and admired them. Last summer, little Lady Alexandra Duff, the queen's little great-granddaughter, was taken to Grasse, and one day her nurse led her out to where there was a coop of beautiful Cochin China hens and chickens, all descended from the ones the baby Victoria played with sixty years ago.

A Chilian Angel.

When a Chilian child under four years of age dies, it is believed that it becomes an angel from the instant that the breath leaves its body. This is a very pretty belief, and one that is shared, to a very great extent, by people all over the world.

But there is one peculiar custom which the belief leads to in Chili. And it is a custom which must be as painful to a Chilian mother, as it would be to a mother anywhere else. Just as soon as a baby dies in Chili, a company of people are immediately bidden to come to the house where the baby lies dead, and are there invited to dance and sing and make merry far into the hours of the night. This is kept up for many days. And all the time the body of the dear little baby is kept in plain sight in the room where the merriment is going on. It must be hard for the poor mother to take part in the songs and dances. But she tries to do it cheerfully, because she feels that it should be an occasion of great rejoicing, when her little child has gone to heaven to become an angel.

When Chinese Children Celebrate.

When do you suppose the Chinese children fire off torpedoes, sky-rockets and powder-crackers? If you do not know, you could never guess in all the world; so you may as well be told right away. They fire them off on New Year's Day! And when you are told why they celebrate New Year's Day as if it were Fourth of July, you will be still more surprised.

You know the Chinese have a different religion from ours, and because of that they believe many things which we do not believe at all. New Year's Day the firecrackers are set off to keep evil spirits at a distance. The night before the New Year there are special services to the Chinese deity, and at bedtime a pot of rice is left upon the table, covered with cypress leaves.

New Year's Day there are social visits, dinners and family games. And all day long the Chinese youngsters are expected to keep up a firing of fireworks of all kinds to keep off evil spirits.

A Japanese Girl's Teeth.

A little Japanese girl is allowed to keep her teeth white as pearls until after her marriage; then she must stain them black. It is a great deal of trouble to do this, and the process must be often repeated.

Did You Know This?

German boys are said to be the strongest in the world; Irish boys the wittiest; French boys are the cleverest; and American boys the brightest.

What East Indians Eat.

The East Indian children live on rice almost exclusively, just like the Chinese.

Correspondence

Etiquette of Cards. (New.)—A gentleman calling at a house where there is a mother and two sons, all of them acquaintances, leaves one card for the lady of the house and another for the other members of the family. The best authorities decide that only two cards are necessary in any case, the one for the hostess, the other for all members of the household, including visitors who may by chance be spending any time at the house. If a call is made upon two ladies, both members of the family and both of whom have invited the gentleman to call, he may send two cards. On the occasion of his call after a reception, it would be a pleasant thing to recall the reception and express whatever agreeable sentiments might be felt concerning it.

Blushing. (Turkey Red.)—The trouble of which you complain is one that can only be overcome by familiarity with society and a feeling of confidence in oneself. People who are given to blushing much are usually of susceptible temperament, and frequently have great capabilities. Of course, it is very inconvenient, but you should console yourself with the reflection that it is a complaint that one gets over in time, and of which one never has a subsequent attack. Make yourself familiar with the usages of good society, think seriously over things to talk about, inform yourself thoroughly on the topics of the day and get so much interested in things that you will forget to blush when you meet people.

Beginning Correspondence. (H. C.)—It would be highly improper for a young lady to begin a correspondence with her brother's friend. If she could take her brother into her confidence, he might possibly, if he approved, bring the young people together. It is an unfortunate fact that the average man is so constituted that an expression of admiration on the part of a woman is liable to produce precisely the opposite effect from that desired. As this young lady cannot alter the decrees of society, the best thing she can do, provided her brother will not arrange matters, is to look in some other direction, or wait for some happy accident which sometimes comes to affectionate hearts.

A Financial Point. (Dissatisfied.)—If a young man marries a wealthy girl with the idea that he is to get control of her property, he has only himself to blame if he fails in the effort, and gets into trouble in consequence. He has no right to expect that she will give him charge, and equally has no right to make himself disagreeable if she declines to make him her business manager. The records of married life are full of instances where husbands have squandered the wife's fortune, and if a woman chooses to keep her separate estate, she has the undoubted right to do it. A woman may be very fond of her husband and yet prefer to have her money in other hands.

Good Manners. (L. B. J.)—It is an exceedingly ill-bred thing to interrupt any person in conversation. Age, condition or relationship does not excuse it. A parent who does such a thing risks setting a bad example for a child. If young people say indiscreet things, it is much better to allow the remark to go unrebuked at the moment and call their attention to it afterward. How people can expect their children to be well-bred when they themselves continually violate the proprieties of life, passes comprehension.

Supersensitive People. (Unhappy.)—You are very wrong in being so easily hurt. Unduly sensitive people are very apt to have an abnormally developed sense of their own importance, and are often very selfish and exacting. Learn to give less thought to yourself and more to others, or what is much better, interest yourself in some useful study. Take time to think that the earth is probably a good many millions of years old, and that you are but one of hundreds of millions who have inhabited it.

Leading States. (Maritsa.)—Massachusetts and New York are among the leading States in regard to manufacturing; Maine and Washington in fishing; Colorado, Nevada, California and Pennsylvania in mining; Ohio, Illinois and Kansas in agriculture; Texas and Wyoming in grazing and cattle-growing; Maine, New York, Pennsylvania and California in ship-building; Maine and Michigan in lumbering; Pennsylvania and Tennessee in coal; Pennsylvania in iron, and California in gold.

The Naturalist. (N.)—An expert in any line of study or business is always in demand, and will always find occupation and good financial results. If you begin any such study, by all means make yourself master of some specialty. If you take up, in addition, something that is not very well understood, you may make a reputation as an authority, which will be of great advantage to you in all of your work.

About Marking.—If H. H. will specify what sort of marking is meant, we will try to answer. The question is too indefinite.

Dispute About Name. (M. F. T.)—Leonidas, king of Sparta, was the person referred to.

Various. (Inquirer.)—A man twenty-one years old and five feet six and a half inches tall should weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds in winter……(Francis.)—Give to the young lady a pair of gloves or a two-pound box of candy or a dozen roses or a bottle of choice perfumery for an acceptable Christmas gift……(Daniel.)—August 7, 1865, was a Monday……(Elma.)—Your question will be answered next Saturday……(J. B.)—Wedding announcements may be mailed immediately after the ceremony.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

Science

A Pedagogical Trial. The science of pedagogy is one of the most interesting to those in active life. It is full of surprises. Progressive school-teachers, who think of catchy devices to stimulate thought among their scholars, can tell amusing stories about the right and the wrong conceptions of their young charges. Among such the experiment of Miss Sarah E. Wiltsie, of Boston, is well worthy of wider notice. She originated the idea of giving out to her class in composition words capable of suggesting picturesque thoughts; the scholars were to write down briefly the thoughts coming into their minds. The exercise was continued from day to day. The first word given out was "*literature.*" To 26 out of 113 boys in her class it meant "books;" to 7, "reading;" to 3, "history;" to 3, "Waverly." Nearly all the remaining scholars had entirely different ideas of the word. The next word given out was "*abstraction.*" This was a poser. Thirty-seven boys were obliged to hand in blanks. Among the definitions handed in were: "flavoring for ice-cream," "flavoring in bottles," "getting a tooth pulled" (many scholars confusing the word with "extract" and "extraction"), "a man with his head resting on his hand and his elbows on a marble-top table," and "a boy seeing something far away." In response to the word "*play,*" 7 wrote "children," 13 "baseball," 4 "theatre," 4 "lawn tennis," 3 "piano," 3 "kittens," 2 "Lady of the Lake" and 1 youth "Richard the Third." In defining "*coldness,*" 26 wrote "winter," 7 "ice;" others wrote, "man with a stern face," "frosty ground with stumps," "the look of a high-toned boy toward his poorly dressed comrades," "Greeley's expedition to the north-pole," "making a call on a young lady who is not at home," "unsympathetic to the poor," "inhospitality," "kicking feet against the dash-board of a horse-car." The word "*faith*" drew out 14 blanks; others wrote "dogs," "a cross," "a catechism," "Daniel in the lion's den," "the water-cooler on the Common," "the story of St. Elizabeth," "a frightened child clinging to its father for protection."

Value of Sweating in Infectious Diseases. Pathogenic microbes are in part eliminated by means of the sweat. The investigations of the scientist Brunner to determine this point were met with the difficulty that it is not easy to sterilize the skin so as to be sure that the micro-organisms found in the secretion were derived from the tissues and fluids of the body, and not from its cutaneous surface. This obstacle was, however, overcome by using animals which had been inoculated with disease, the pathogenic organism of which could not accidentally have been lodged on the skin. The animal was then made to perspire profusely, and further inoculation and cultivation experiments were made with the sweat. A culture of *staphylococcus aureus* was injected into a hog, one of *anthrax* into a cat and one of *micrococcus prodigiosus* into a sucking-pig. In all three cases the microbes injected were found in the sweat, and also in the saliva. This property of the perspiration, if it be a constant one, would give to crises, accompanied by profuse perspirations, a more important place than they have hitherto held. It would also show that there may be great danger in allowing a patient who has been sweating profusely to reabsorb the secretion.

Why Medical Science Makes Slow Progress. In his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." Mr. Lecky has the following passage: "Hardly any other of the great branches of human knowledge is at present so backward, tentative, and empirical as medicine, and there is not much doubt that the law of supply and demand is a main cause of the defect. Almost all the finer intellects which are devoted to this subject are turned away from independent investigations to the lucrative paths of professional practice; their time is engrossed with cases most of which could be treated quite as well by men of inferior capacity, and they do little or nothing to enlarge the bounds of our knowedge."

The spinal cord, while it is a sort of cable carrying messages to and fro between the brain and the skin, is at the same time a series of thirty-one segments, each segment connected with a pair of spinal nerves. These thirty-one segments occupy only seventeen or eighteen inches of the spinal canal, which is twenty-six to twenty-eight inches long. The thirty-first segment is found opposite the base of the first lumbar vertebra. If one takes a cosmetic pencil it is very easy to draw, on a thin person, an outline of the spinal cord upon the back over the vertebral column, and in this way one gains a clear knowledge of these puzzling relations.

Dr. E. G. West, of Boston, finds antipyrine decidedly reliable in nose-bleeding. It is his custom, when a case of unusual violence occurs, to saturate a plug of cotton in a solution of antipyrine and introduce it into the nostril. It has stopped the bleeding in every instance that he has applied it. The patient, by this method, is relieved of the disagreeable tarry clots formed by the solutions of iron so commonly used for this purpose.

In certain fevers and in the case of certain patients, aromatic chewing-gum relieves the thirst and dryness of mouth, improves the appetite and digestion and restrains nausea. It also materially aids the absorption of medicine when the alimentary tract is so impaired by fever.

The Brooklyn School Board now serve boiled water in all the schools.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Wet-Weather Clothing. The weather is every year becoming a matter of less importance to American women. With sensible dress and correct habits of walking, there is no reason why a woman should fear to go out in a rain-storm, and many women do not hesitate, whatever may be the weather, to walk or attend to business regardless of the elements.

There are many little points in water-proof dress that it is very easy to adapt to one's own needs. One of the most practical of these is a protective skirt. To make this, some water-proof or water-repellent goods are necessary. To a narrow band or belt are attached half a dozen straps extending about to the knees. These are sewed into a band of cambric about four inches wide; in this are well-made, strong button-holes, one in about every four inches; an ordinary-shaped skirt of water-repellent material is made, and in place of the usual facing sewed to the skirt, a section of the same goods extends up to meet the four-inch-wide band. This arrangement of band and straps is worn underneath all of the skirts. It may be worn without any inconvenience, as there is comparatively no weight to it, and it is neither cumbersome nor in the way. When the waterproof skirt is needed, this is put on over the dress and fastened about the waist, then the inside extention portion which is supplied with buttons is buttoned to the band, and the outfit is complete.

This is not by any means a new idea but one which has been more or less in use among individuals for the last eighteen years. It was first worn in the West by a lady who found it necessary to go out in all weathers. As it was impossible at the time to obtain water-proof material, the under portion was make of silesia treated to a bath of alum and other chemicals to make it as nearly water-repellent as could be. This answered every purpose and very rarely admitted even the smallest degree of dampness to the clothing.

At present, one may buy all sorts of handsome material at the best shops, and there is no difficulty whatever in making one of these suits.

With the skirt is worn a long cape or very loose sacque or jacket with or without a hood. The latter addition is usually so ungraceful, unbecoming and uncomfortable that there is little wonder that women object to its use. Much, however, can be done to make it presentable by lining the waterproof hood with thin silk of some sort, into which are run casings filled with rattans. When the hood is drawn up over the head, these rattans form a very tolerable-looking bonnet front. An independent bonnet, with a long cape, is a very great convenience. The bonnet is made in a half-Shaker fashion, the brim being not quite so wide. The cape is arranged to fall from the under-side or from under a ruffle, so that whatever rain falls may not drop between the cape and the bonnet upon the neck, as it would do if the ruffle were set on the outside of the crown.

Such a suit is invaluable for delicate persons who are obliged to go out in the evening air. With such a garment, dampness cannot touch the body. Indeed, a water-proof is the best friend of the woman of moderate means. A jacket or long bodice of water-proof material may be worn under the cloak, and will add greatly to the warmth of the outfit. A cape with water-proof lining is a most convenient and comfortable article in cold weather. If one has much running in- and out-of-doors to do, the cost of such a wrap is nothing whatever as compared with the protection it affords.

In making these water-proof suits, it is well to arrange for a number of pockets to hold parcels, change or other little trifles. Ingenuity and study of the wants of the individual will suggest many uses for water-proof materials.

That Baby. "It's a sort of perpetual wonder to me," said a grown-up brother in a family where there was a number of little children, "that babies live long enough to be able to walk or talk. I've heard women say a great deal about the miseries and sorrows and sufferings and dangers of the second summer, and express their fears that their poor little infants would never live through it; but the cause of my amazement is that they ever live to get anywhere near it. I am absolutely certain that my sister's baby must have the constitution of a steam-engine, or it never could endure what it has to go through. Ever since it was twenty-four hours old there has been one steady stream of curious and excitable callers at our house, and I know that I am not exaggerating even the least little bit when I say that the little thing has been taken up out of a sound sleep and shown to admiring and enthusiastic visitors from ten to fifteen times a day.

"In almost every case it was wakened or disturbed, so that it became restless, and even after it settled down again it would start and cry out in its sleep. Then it had wakeful spells, when it would scream like a young catamount, and on some occasions the night has been a perfect terror. I shall bless my stars all the rest of my days that I happened to have the grip when that baby took up its residence in our family; for what I haven't learned about babies in my five or six weeks of indooring isn't to be talked about. Why, if any mortal man or woman were wakened every fifteen minutes, and hauled around and mauled about, made to sit up and lie down and lean over, and be jounced and pounced, as I have seen that baby done, somebody would be pretty sure to get killed. Then it cries, and is given a lot of stuff to eat, and is patted on the back and rolled on somebody's lap, and dosed with syrup and patent medicine and a lot of senseless preparations, that are poured down its throat because somebody feels that it is absolutely necessary to do something. And the way that child is dressed is simply barbarous. No, I don't mean that; for barbarians use a great deal more sense in fixing up these little kids than many civilized persons do. Why, I've seen bands pinned around the baby when it seemed to take all the strength of the nurse's fingers. 'So it can't hurt itself crying,' she said; but I should like to see her put up in a casing like that for a while. There is nothing like giving people a dose of their own medicine. It seems as though humanity would never learn to let well enough alone and realize that almost all that a baby wants for the first year or two of its life is to be kept warm, fed whenever necessary and allowed to grow. This putting a baby on exhibition as soon as it is born is the most outrageous thing I know of. Of course, it's a wonderfully cunning little ootsie-dootsie, but, all the same, no one has a right to kill it, or destroy its health and nervous system generally, by this silly and indiscriminate attention and coddling."

A Pot-Roast of Beef. Choose a piece of lean beef; the best cut from the round is good. The cross-rib is, however, preferred by many cooks.

Cut from the edges some bits of fat, or slice a piece of suet the size of an egg. Cut this into tiny scraps and put into an iron pot on the stove; let it cook until it begins to smoke, then lay the beef in it. When one side is scorched over, turn it the other side up, and continue to move it about until the entire surface is well browned. Then add, very slowly, a little water, taking care that the fat has cooled so that it will not fly over the stove. After a moment put in sufficient water to almost cover the meat. The pot should have a tight-fitting lid, and a weight may be placed on this to keep it closed. Then boil slowly for five or six hours. Examine it occasionally to see that there is sufficient water to keep from burning; when about half done, add salt, a little pepper, and, if the flavor is liked, half a cup of tomato catsup or a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce. When thoroughly cooked, take out the meat, thicken the gravy with flour or corn-starch; taste to see if the seasoning is right; add a couple of tablespoonfuls of cream and pour it over the meat on the platter.

If properly done, a broom-straw could be passed through the entire piece without breaking. This is one of the best ways of cooking beef.

Uncomfortable People. "Yes, my dear, it is very nice indeed, but don't you think it would have been better if you had made it so?" was the stereotyped remark of a woman otherwise very amiable, intelligent and pleasant to have around. She had unusual ability, was capital as an adviser in all emergencies, met every condition in life with practical philosophy that smoothed out all obstructions, but actually poisoned the entire pleasure of her acquaintance with that everlasting: "Don't you think it would have been better if you had done it some other way?"

There are few things in the world more exasperating than the constant nagging of people who think their way is the best and have no hesitation in informing their friends of their belief.

Everybody has ideas and ways of his own and it would be, indeed, a monotonous world if every people, community or family followed the taste or judgment of some one individual.

Circumstances sometimes seem to have set up an arbiter in a certain locality and if this leading light happens to be of the arrogant and self-assertive description, the last state of that neighborhood is worse than the first. The best one may do, the best one may think, the choicest articles one may select are scanned with a critical although possibly pleasant and benevolent eye, but like the tail to a comet comes the expression: "But don't you think it would have been better so?" and in these cases, the tail, like that of the comet, is a good deal larger than all the rest of the situation.

All the pleasure is taken out of life by these people. Good intentions go for naught beyond a certain point, and when all is said and done, and the best is offered, there is an uncomfortable feeling that one is a sort of unprofitable servant and there is something wrong somewhere.

These people should be colonized in a community by themselves and should be so situated as to be forced to take some doses of their own medicine. They might after a long and severe course of this sort of treatment come to discover that there are persons in the world who have ideas as well as themselves, and that possibly, only just possibly, of course, these ideas may be quite as good as their own.

Creamed Lobster. Boil, until thoroughly done a pair of lobsters weighing about three or four pounds. Set them away until they are cold, then very carefully remove every scrap of bone. Some cooks use a knife for this purpose, but others think that the fingers and a silver fork are much more desirable, as with a knife one is likely to sever a bit of the gristly bone without being aware of it.

Take care that the meat is kept in as perfect pieces as possible.

Rub together half a cup of butter and half a cup of flour. When thoroughly mixed put them into a frying pan of agate. Let this cook, but do not let it scorch. When it bubbles and froths up put in the lobster, cover for a moment, moving the pan about over the fire so that it may not burn. This may be served on little dishes which come for such purposes or with bits of toast and a garnish of lemon sliced very thin.

Another way to prepare lobster is to shred the cooked meat, add the juice of half a lemon, a dust of pepper and a very little mustard, just enough to give it a flavor. Put into a pudding dish about half a small cup of butter. When melted, add the lobster, let it cook for five minutes, stirring constantly to prevent sticking. Beat the yolks of three eggs and half a cup of rich, sweet cream; pour this over the lobster and remove from the fire at once. Let it stand for a moment covered, then serve.

Shrinking Thread. There are few articles more troublesome to the laundress than garments in which there are quantities of fine tucking. The reason of this is that the thread with which the stitching is done shrinks and draws the seam until only the greatest outlay of strength can straighten it.

This difficulty may be almost entirely overcome by shrinking the thread. To do this, it is necessary to wind the thread into skeins. These are to be thrown into boiling suds, allowed to remain for a few minutes, then taken out and dropped into cold water and thoroughly rinsed. They should be dried before winding. If there is any trouble about the thread working on the machine, this may be prevented by holding in the fingers a bit of a wax candle or a piece of castile soap while winding the thread. Allow the thread to run over the wax and it will get sufficient consistency to run smoothly. It is not generally understood that very finely powdered soap scattered over cloth stiff with dressing will make the stitching much more even, and is less likely to cut the cloth.

There are few more attractive trimmings for undergarments than tucks or groups of tucks, but the difficulty of laundrying them has always stood more or less in the way of their use. Hand-run tucks are not troublesome to do and are always pretty. If the thread is shrunk, then used on new cloth, there will be little if any drawing of seams, even until the garment is entirely worn out.

The Granddaughter's Clock. "There were few things in the old family estate that I wanted as badly as I wanted the old grandfather's clock," said an exceedingly bright little woman, as she showed her friends over her new house, "but as I couldn't get it I did the next best thing. I had the carpenter make a box about six feet long, twenty inches wide and ten inches deep. The sides and back were of plain cherry boards, the base, which was about eight inches high, was framed in with very heavy moldings, and the top had lighter finish of a similar sort.

"The front, at the top, was open in a square. Below this were shelves which were concealed by two doors, one above another. Into this open space, at the top, a door was fitted with a rather heavy frame. In the middle of the door was a section of beveled French plate glass about ten inches in diameter; back of this and securely fastened to the frame at the sides and back, I put this round clock as you see. The face of it just fills the outline of the plate glass. The door opens easily, the clock runs eight days; and as the frame is entirely polished and handsomely finished, I think I have a very creditable granddaughter's if not grandfather's clock.

"The lower portion is invaluable for my fancy work and sewing materials; and as the frame is so heavy any little jar doesn't seem to disturb it—indeed as I believe in making the best of things I may say that, being a spring clock, it has advantages over those with long weights, in that it may be moved without the slightest injury or danger of affecting its time-keeping qualities. I have repeatedly been congratulated on possessing a grandfather's clock. When strangers speak of it I merely smile and look pleased, but my intimates get the benefit of my experiment, and there are now half a dozen of these clocks being made for families of my acquaintance."

Relishable Soups. Making soups is by no means the difficult and complicated operation that most people seem to consider it, and though there are comparatively few families who have it as a regular dish, there is nothing that adds so much to the completeness of a dinner as a well-made soup. For a family dinner, get a soup-bone, have it well broken up, and also buy one pound of solid, lean meat—any cheap meat will answer; indeed, the least expensive pieces are often preferred for this purpose. Put the broken bone into a kettle, letting it cook quite rapidly. At the same time put the piece of meat in another dish, season it and let it simmer. When it is time to arrange for dinner, remove the bone and fragments of meat from the pot, which should be thoroughly rinsed out with hot water, which should be added to that in which the meat was cooked. Take special care that no scraps of bone remain in the pot, then strain the liquid through a sieve, returning the clear part to the kettle, and put in the solid meat, which should by this time be done and will probably fall into shreds. To expedite this matter, it may, before cooking, be cut into small pieces; then add the vegetables required, putting in for seasoning the parsley, a bit of onion, and whatever condiment the taste demands. There is such differences in the likings of people for soup-flavors that all cooks should familiarize themselves with the taste of the family for which they cater.

When required, this soup may either be served with the vegetables, or strained and sent to the table clear, or tiny dumplings may be added. These are made with flour, salt and a bit of baking-powder, beaten to a batter with cold water, then dropped into the soup and allowed to boil for about ten minutes.

All of these ways are simple and require very little time or labor. To begin the dinner with soup is to follow out the best rule of hygiene. It is refreshing and prepares the digestive apparatus for the more substantial dishes which come afterward. Soup for a family of six need cost but about twenty cents if properly managed, and, with good bread, will make half of a dinner, less other articles being required.

FASHION CORNER.

Fashions and Fancies. The subject of dress is of perennial interest, and in the designing and preparation of wearing apparel the very highest artistic taste and skill are engaged. It is no easy matter to make a dress or a wrap. It can scarcely be said that there is any reigning fashion or that any special design takes the lead. Every imaginable fad and fancy is drawn upon for novelty, and anything that promises variety is caught up with the greatest enthusiasm, old prints are studied, old volumes pored over and garrets and cedar-chests are ransacked to find, if possible, something a little different from the models already prepared.

A good deal has been said about the Empire styles, and many handsome dresses have been made after the Josephine fashion; but there seems to be considerable reluctance to take up the Empire as a general style. Womankind has for these many years had it ingrained into her mind that the long, slender waist is the only proper thing, and it seems very difficult for her to compromise even as far as comfort demands. She still clings to her long-waisted corset, and when she does put on an Empire dress the corset still remains, and the short-waisted dress is merely a make-believe.

A recent order is for a dress of gauze in Empire style. There is the short waist and the belt close up under the arms, the puffed sleeves and the long, straight breadths of material with an ample train; but the fitted body of lusterless silk shows through the gauze, and the waist is as long and slender and close-fitting as the most ultra-French fashion-plate could demand. As a matter of fact, this is the merest burlesque on the Empire model, but it seems to have taken, and will doubtless gain some favor during the coming season. Another dress on this would-be Empire order has a short front with a long back. The back of the dress is in full princesse with a train; the bodice is closely fitted; indeed, the foundation of the dress is a perfect-fitting princesse with the waist of the ordinary length. Across the front, just below the bust, is a belt of rich embroidery; above this the front shows a perfect model of a Josephine dress. From the belt, the material falls in full folds to the floor. From under the arms at the back, a band of trimming, like the belt, extends down the sides diagonally, forming a point at the back below the ordinary waist-line. This makes a full-princesse back and an Empire front. The sleeves are puffed all around, and the neck is cut low, but is filled in with very fine silk net, shirred into a jeweled collar and tucked in around the edge of the low bodice. The effect is unique, to say the least; but the dress lacks character and is as unsatisfactory to a truly artistic eye as any nondescript conglomerate article must be.

The most conspicuous parts of a dress just at present are the sleeves. These are enormous at the shoulders; and although there are decided symptoms of a reaction, the big sleeve is at the moment quite the thing. Very wide ruffles reaching to the points of the shoulders or arranged in bretelle shape to fall over the tops of the sleeves are among the popular fancies.

There is a good deal of criticism in artistic circles on the Russian-blouse effect, also on the half-length jacket. It is claimed that these garments entirely spoil a good figure, but with the curious inconsistency of fashion, that matters but little. Once the idea is put forth that a certain model is to be accepted, and figure, style, complexion, and everything else counts for naught. The long outside garment is however much better liked and is much more graceful. The other extreme, the short jacket and shoulder-cape, is more becoming than any other wrap now in general use.

Fashion Notes. The velvet craze may be said to be increasing. Every woman who desires to look dignified is having a velvet dress made. The continuance of this material is prophesied as very brief, some of the best authorities on the subject insisting that it will not outlive the coming year.

Some new dancing dresses have just enough train to sweep the floor gracefully. The skirts are as long in front as is consistent with safety, and are altogether too long for comfort, as one is in continual danger of stepping on the edges.

A new wrap is of brocaded silk with wide plaited collar of velvet, enormous sleeves in leg-o'-mutton style, ruchings of ostrich-feather trimming around the neck, down the front and around the hem, and lining of quilted satin.

The advanced girl not only designs her own dresses, but makes them herself. She exhibits her scratched and pricked finger with some pride as an evidence of her [illegible]ustry.

Some of the newest and most fashionable bonnets are scarcely larger than a saucer. They are worn without strings, being fastened to the hair with plain or jeweled pins.

The Rembrandt hat is another revival. These hats are as large around as a bushel basket, and give a sort of roofed-over appearance to the woman who wears them.

The newest idea in millinery is the revival of the old-fashioned poke bonnet with an abundance of nodding plumes and roses in the front of the brim over the hair.

Rough camel's-hair-finished goods are much better liked than many of the smooth fabrics. They are more stylish and usually more becoming.

Very long black-velvet cloaks in the newmarket style with very wide plaited collars corded with satin are fashionable.

The facings of fashionable dresses are finished with several very narrow pinked-out ruffles.

Sashes of soft, black silk are worn with wool dresses of almost all sorts.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. James McCreery & Co., Messrs. B. Altman & Co. and H. O'Neil.

THE FIRST RED LEAF.

The first red leaf! The first red leaf!
How *could* the summer be so brief?
We scarce had felt her sunny smiles,
We scarce had learned to love her wiles,
Before her gentle reign was o'er;
And *now* we feel her smile no more.

The first gray hair! The first gray hair
Amid the ringlets still so fair!
Oh, ruthless Time, withhold thy hand!
Touch not the fairest in the land!
But give the grave and wrinkled sage
The silver crown of hoary age.

Alas! Life's course may not be stayed;
The brightest buds must droop and fade.
Our earthly hopes are dimmed by grief,
And wither like the Autumn leaf;
But in the land beyond the sky,
Immortal hope can *never* die.

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A SNOW-BALL FIGHT.

BY R. B. STRATTON.

Reading a sketch by James Parton in the New York *Ledger*, some time ago, about "Pretty Dolly Madison," the mistress of the White House when Washington was captured by the British, made me think of an incident that occurred during the late Civil War.

The cavalry regiment to which I belonged was encamped on the Montpelier Farm in Virginia, the home of President Madison. Many a time have I visited his tomb, and thought what our country was before it was torn up by civil war.

It was early spring of 1864 when the event I am about to relate took place. In a copse of woods about a mile from us was a division of infantry encamped, which was commanded by that brave and gallant officer, Gen. J. B. Gordon, now senator of the United States from Georgia.

One night there was a snowstorm, and when we awoke the next morning the hills were like midwinter, clothed in white. While we were getting ready for breakfast, we heard a shout from a hill not far from our camp, and saw a long line of men daring us out for a snow-ball. Forgetting breakfast, our whole camp rushed out, and for a while the air was filled with the white bullets.

The cavalry drove the infantry off the hills back to their camp, and then returned to their own camp to proceed with their breakfast, leaving a picket on duty.

It was not long before the picket was run in, and reported the infantry returning with heavy reinforcements.

Things began to look desperate. It was in the years when rations were scarce, when blankets were few, and only here and there a cooking utensil in camp.

Our whole camp was puzzled. We knew that we didn't have men enough to withstand the coming onslaught. We knew, too, if we were beaten back and out of our camp, that "to the victor belong the spoils," and the few spoils we had were very dear to us. Something must be done, and done quickly.

A council of war was called at once. Rank and file composed that council. It was decided to send out a flag of truce, with the request that each side choose a hundred men, and go out in a field and decide the issue of battle. True to the instincts of every Southern heart, equality was all that was asked.

The other side accepted the proposal.

When the time came for the cavalry to muster their hundred men, they could not get over seventy-five volunteers.

However, we marched our seventy-five men into the field, commanded by our brave major, the colors of our regiment carried in by as brave and gallant a soldier as ever wore a saber, a glorious fellow in war and peace, "Little Jimmie," as he was called in the regiment. We took our position in line of battle, the infantry in their line two or three hundred yards off, with a regiment or two of their comrades looking on.

Soon we heard the word "Charge!" from the infantry, and on they came, with a shout and a whoop such as a Confederate soldier knows how to give.

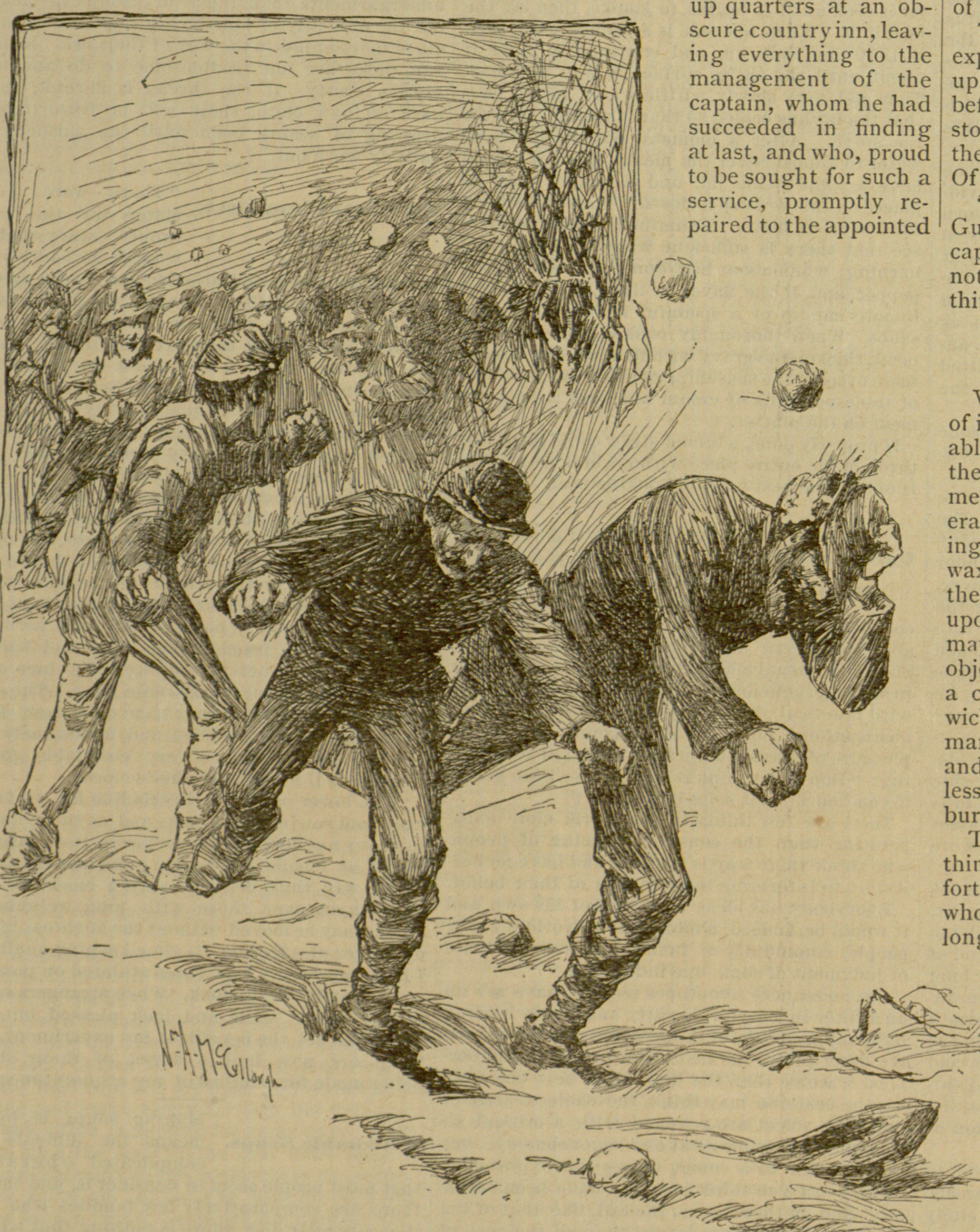
Orders came ringing down our line: "Steady, boys, steady! Receive their charge!"

They came at a dash, and we withstood their charge and soon had them broken all to pieces and on the run. We charged them for a mile and drove them into their camp. We captured hats and various other things, and if we had had a few more men could have taken the whole camp.

The day was ours; we saved our camp and property and we were happy.

Wherever they may be scattered now, can any of those who took part in those grand old days ever forget that snow-ball fight on the Montpelier Farm? It was joyous and gay, and all in fun.

In a few weeks we broke camp, bade farewell to tents, and went out to meet that greatest of Union generals, U. S. Grant (for whose memory every old Confederate soldier has a soft spot in his heart); and from the Wilderness to Petersburg such fighting the world has never known.



CHARGE OF THE SNOW-BALL BRIGADE.

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HOW GUS GURLEY GOT SATISFACTION.

BY J. C.

We 'll skip it, reader; for it would look unseemly to begin a story with an oath like that Gus Gurley swore, standing over his wife's dressing-table that morning. And Gus wasn't a swearing man either.

How came he, then, to commit such a breach of etiquette and ethics? Well, may be *you* wouldn't have done it; but don't be too sure till you 've heard enough to be able to "put yourself in his place."

Imagine a young husband of six months' standing, ardent, fond and trusting, casually entering his wife's dressing-room in her absence, and stumbling on a mischievous-looking, rose-colored note, freshly opened, a cupid in every crease, and a lurking lock of another's hair—red—peeping stealthily from its folds!

The very paper blushed guiltily as Gus caught it up. Eagerly and wildly his eyes ran over the contents. For a moment he stood amazed and motionless, and then broke out— But we 've promised to skip that. Perhaps any other man would have given utterance to as much, reading such a missive as *this*, addressed to his wife:

"AFFINITY, Aug. —th, 18—.

"DEAREST KATE: How *could* you go and marry that great hulky fellow behind my back, and without a word of notice?

"Though I've returned too late to forbid the bans, I'm still in time to give that lord and master of yours a hint—which I mean to do—that an older love than his won't quietly suffer another to monopolize its rights.

"Expect me by Monday, and keep a kiss for
"Your ever affectionate SAM SMITH."

Smith! Smith! *Sam* Smith! Faugh! What a name! Had it been Brown, Jones or Robinson, there might have been some bearing it. But *Smith!* And red-headed, too! "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Yet it might be that Smith was some presuming puppy, whose vile epistle was the sheer result of his own impudence. But no; the wife that could receive such a communication and conceal it from her husband could not be else than false.

Smith's heart's blood was the very least atonement the case admitted of. Had Gus been more collected, he might probably have bided his time and taken his peace-destroyer unawares and then "tripped him," trusting to an intelligent jury and proof of a mental *alibi* to bring him out all right. But he was not sufficiently rational for that, and so adopted the foolish plan of summoning Smith to mortal combat.

Gus had a friend, Captain Borax, a retired quartermaster, thoroughly versed in points of honor. The captain was just the man for the emergency; but, as ill luck would have it, he was out of town for the day.

That no time might be lost, Gus demanded satisfaction by mail, directing his challenge to the address indicated in the caption of Smith's note, and fixing a time and place at which his friend, Captain Borax, would be prepared to confer with any friend of Smith's. At the same time a brief message to Mrs. Gurley explained that important business necessitated her husband's absence for the next few days.

Meanwhile, Gus took up quarters at an obscure country inn, leaving everything to the management of the captain, whom he had succeeded in finding at last, and who, proud to be sought for such a service, promptly repaired to the appointed rendezvous, where he was punctually met by a friend of Smith's. The preliminaries were speedily settled, and a meeting was arranged for the following morning.

As the time drew near, Gus grew nervous. The fact is, Smith's alacrity had taken him a little aback. He had felt quite confident that that miscreant would shrink from encountering the man whose honor he had outraged. But instead, without turning the word, Smith's second had chosen pistols, and named ten paces as the distance! It was plain the wretch was as bloodthirsty as unscrupulous. Besides, Gus was no shot, which Smith, judging from his choice of weapons, no doubt was. How much better, Gus began to think, to have fled forever from the scene of his unhappiness, or to have invoked the benign aid of the laws of South Dakota. But it was too late now to retract.

From a troubled slumber, such as condemned criminals are apt to fall into in the last hours of their last night, Gus was startled by a sensation as of a bullet piercing his thorax. It was only Captain Borax poking him in the ribs, by way of reminder that his "hour had almost come!"

In a brief space—how *very* brief it seemed—they were on the fatal field. At nearly the same instant a close carriage drove up, containing the enemy's party.

Smith's second sprang out, closing the door behind him. He took Captain Borax aside, and the two held a hasty consultation; which over, the ground measured, pistols loaded, positions allotted, and everything in readiness, it only remained to place the men and give the word.

The combatants were to stand back to back, and, at a signal, to wheel and fire. Gus had already taken his place, and was struggling, manfully but doubtfully, against an inclination, well-nigh irresistible, to leap over an adjacent hedge, and run as fast and far as his legs could carry him, when an exclamation from the captain caused him to turn his head.

"In Heaven's name, who 's that?" said Captain Borax, accosting his fellow-second, in the act of conducting a young and beautiful lady to the very spot destined for Smith.

"My principal, gentlemen, Miss Samantha Smith—'Sam Smith,' as she 's called, for short," the other answered.

Gus saw it all. Flinging down the pistol, be rushed forward, and would certainly have hugged and kissed "Sam Smith," without ceremony, if her second—no other than her affianced lover—hadn't looked like a chap that would stand no nonsense. As it was, no man was ever equally pleased by the discovery that he had made an ass of himself.

The lock of hair was the only puzzle unexplained, and "Sam" soon cleared that up. It was one of Gus's own, given long before to Kate as a souvenir. "Sam" had stolen it, to tease her friend, and had taken the method we have seen of returning it. Of course it wasn't *red*, but *auburn*.

"Sam" and her friend went home with Gus, first solemnly promising, as did the captain, to keep the secret, and, above all, not to let Kate know; but, bless you, such things always *do* get out.

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THE LIGHTING OF HOUSES.

With the rapid advance in all classes of inventions, it seems somewhat remarkable that some genius has not improved on the present means of lighting our apartments. Candles are objectionable for several reasons. They need continual watching lest they run down at one side and drip wax or tallow over all objects beneath them. Kerosene lamps are not looked upon as safe; besides, care for them as one may, they will frequently give off a most objectionable odor. They are in addition a continual outlay for chimneys, shades, wicks and burners. Gas is expensive, and in many cases aggravating from poor quality, and is likewise a continual menace to careless or ignorant people who leave the burners open.

There is an urgent demand for something simple, practical and cheap, and fortune and fame await the lucky individual who supplies this want. Electricity goes a long way toward it in all but the cost, which will no doubt stand in the way of its universal use.

Why have we not something in the way of wall decoration that will, to some extent, meet this demand?

The possibilities of phosphorescent paint or coating for the interior of houses seem not to have been well worked out.

There appears to be no good reason why halls, entry-ways, work-rooms, bath-rooms and the like should not be finished with luminous paint. The permanence of this material is said to be the only obstacle in the way of its adoption, but that, with our present knowledge of chemicals, ought to be overcome without difficulty. To be able to go about our dwellings at night without danger of falling over the furniture or upsetting bric-à-brac would be of very great advantage, and if the processes by which these luminous paints are made were still carried on until our rooms would always be lighted to at least a moderate degree, it would indeed be a boon.

Inventors are giving some attention to this subject, and it is by no means an unfounded hope that before long we will be able to do away with gas and lamps altogether, and depend entirely upon luminous walls!

◆

NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

The date on the yellow label of the wrapper of your *Ledger* tells you the exact time to which your subscription is paid.

A great many subscriptions expire the last week in December. Look at the label of your wrapper and see if your subscription expires at that time. If it does, you will avoid inconvenience and delay by sending your money for renewal at once.

When sending your own renewal, if you will induce any one of your friends to allow you to send his or her name as a new subscriber, we will be glad to have you avail yourself of our special offer on page 8.

ODD AND CURIOUS.

The idea of using beet juices in steamboilers instead of water has again attracted some attention in Belgium. The juices are heated to 248 degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature there is no danger of sugar inversion. Steam obtained is used in regular way about the factory. The thickened juice is subsequently reduced to a sirup in triple effect.

There are ten thousand miles of overhead telegraph wires in London.

◆

HELP! HELP!

How often has the cry been uttered in vain! But there is help for sufferers from liver complaint and constipation, those exceedingly prevalent disorders. A course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will completely remove them. The malarious, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic and the nervous also derive unspeakable benefit from the great remedy. —*Adv.*

◆

—The smallest feet are said not to belong to the Chinese women, but to those of Southern France. Cinderella was born in Avignon.

◆

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely, infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it. —*Adv.*

◆

NO APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST!

No "FERRIS" DELICIOUS BACON, perhaps. It's worth a trial. It's worth its price. It's worth insisting that your grocer get it. —*Adv.*

◆

NANTAHALA—FINE INVESTMENT.

Send six cents in stamp for illustrated prospectus. A. J. McBride, Atlanta, Ga. —*Adv.*

◆

SOFT, WHITE AND SMOOTH.

If you desire to have your skin in this delightful condition, send 25 cents for Witch Hazel Jelly, to The Mayell-Hopp Co., Cleveland, O. —*Adv.*

◆

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars. —*Adv.*

◆

THE BEST CALENDAR,

As well as the most useful, is the "Columbia Daily Memoranda," issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass. It is sent, prepaid, on receipt of twenty cents, which amount only covers *actual cost.* We have used them for a number of years, and have never seen any that we liked as well. See advertisement on last page of this issue of the *Ledger.* —*Adv.*

◆

LAUNDRY BILLS.

Don't spend any more money for them but wear the water-proof, not celluloid, collars and cuffs manufactured by the Bawl Kollar Co., Detroit, Mich. Be sure and send for their catalogue and mention this paper. —*Adv.*

◆

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE

Is used by inhalation, thus reaching the seat of the disease direct. Its action is immediate and certain. No waiting for results. Ask any druggist or address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package. —*Adv.*

◆

—At this season of the year, coughs, colds, hoarseness and other affections of the throat and lungs prevail. *Madame Zadoc Porter's Curative Balsam* is a valuable remedy. No family should be without a bottle in the house. It is only 25 cents, and will be found worth as many dollars for the cure of the above complaints. It is for sale by all druggists. —*Adv.*

◆

THE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL,

New York, which has undergone a thorough rebuilding, is now open to the public.

This is altogether the largest hotel property in New York, and, with the present improvements, will have a valuation of nearly two millions of dollars and accommodate over one thousand persons.

Mr. Haynes, the new lessee, is making it a great popular house for families and business men, at popular rates, for which the location is admirably adapted. The new cable cars on Broadway reach every fashionable store, theatre and attraction of the city, and transfer with all cross-town lines, reaching every station, dock and ferry in town. —*Adv.*

For Colds, Coughs
bronchitis,
and all diseases
of the throat
and lungs,
take
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Fashion

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Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N.Y.
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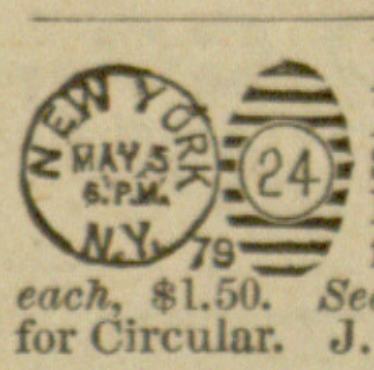
LADIES you can make doing writing **$20 A WEEK** for me at your own homes. Address **MISS MARIAN FAY, South Bend, Ind.,** proprietor of the famous **"Roselene" for the Complexion.**

DYSPEPSIA. I cured myself after suffering 15 years, and will gladly inform any sufferer how he can obtain instant relief and be cured. I HAVE NOTHING TO SELL. Address, WM. BRAZIER, 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY
or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mf'g Co. x45 La Crosse, Wis.



Postmaster's Brass Dating Cancelor, $2!! Set of 15 Brass Stamps, with *Brass DATER,* $4. A *Rubber* Set, $1.85. A *Durable* Linen Marker of *Metal,* $1. Five (5) Metal Year Dates, 75c. *Metal* Cancelor to fit Dater, $1. Any Six *Rubber* Stamps of 3 *lines each,* $1.50. *Seals, etc. Boys' Printing Presses,* $1 to $8. Send for Circular. J. Goldsborough, 622 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Purely Vegetable Expectorant: not a violent remedy; and very agreeable to the taste.
SUCCESSFULLY used for MORE than 70 YEARS.
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Is especially valuable to farmers. They can be taken off to save the creepers when ground is bare, to save calking when snow is deep, to save floors when in the stable, and can be put on again in five minutes when there is ice. —*Adv.*

◆

HOLIDAY TOUR TO OLD POINT COMFORT Via PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Christmas week is a most fitting period for a short trip of recreation; and in order to provide a congenial outing for this purpose, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a holiday tour to Old Point Comfort. The party, under personal escort, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Tuesday, December 27th. The entire period of the tour covers four days, and the rate for the round trip, including all necessary expenses, is $18 from New York and $15 from Philadelphia. If one desires to vary the journey by returning *via* Richmond and Washington, he may spend one day at the Hygeia Hotel, and return *via* the above cities, at the same rate. This is a most delightful tour. —*Adv.*

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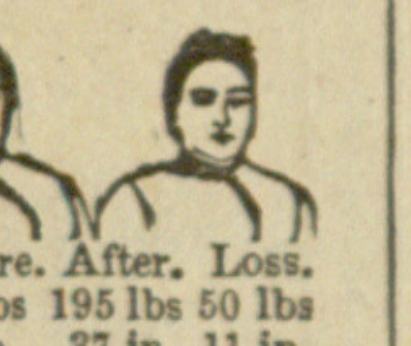

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	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight	245 lbs	195 lbs	50 lbs
Bust	48 in.	37 in.	11 in.
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Hips	57 in.	48 in.	9 in.

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Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to
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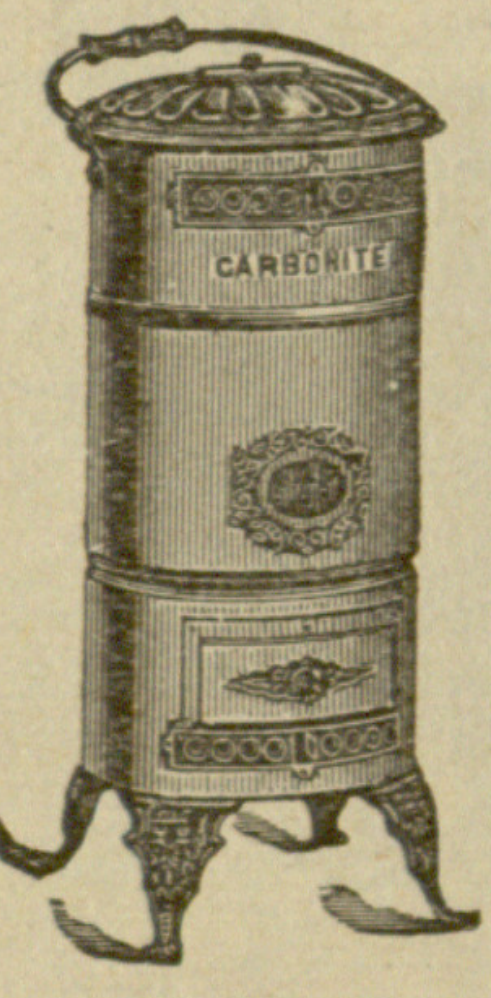

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"CARBONITE" COAL.
CLEAN, NOT EXPLOSIVE.
NO SMOKE, NO SMELL, NO GAS.
Burns Anywhere
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PORTABLE HEATERS,
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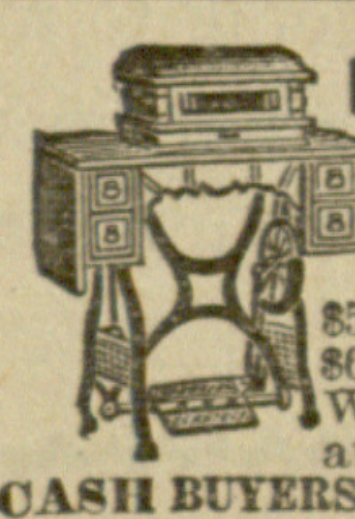

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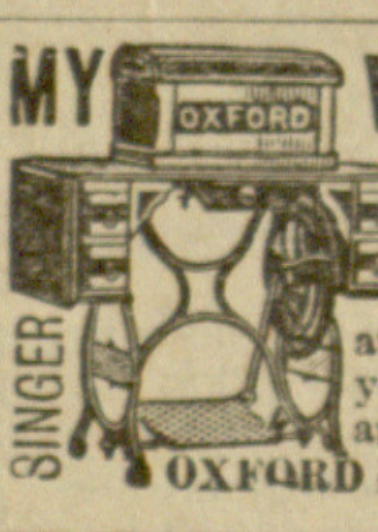

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$12 Buys a **$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer** Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for **FREE CATALOGUE.**
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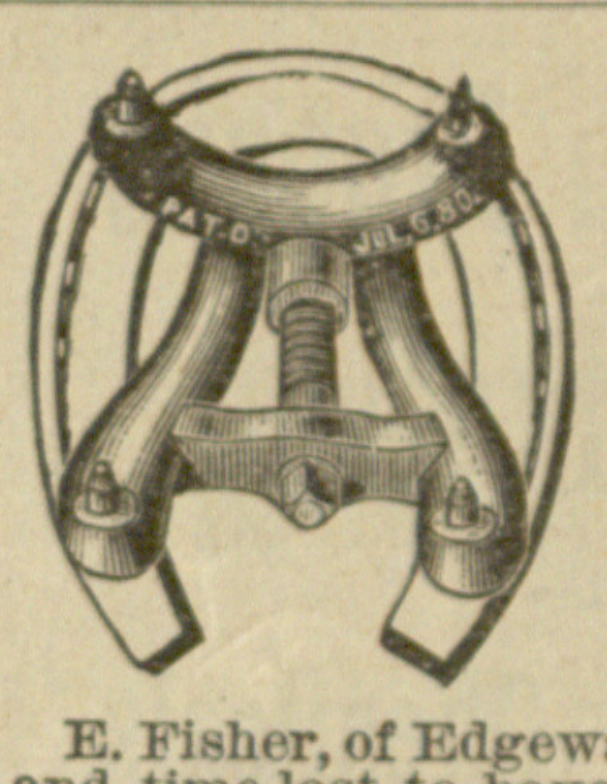

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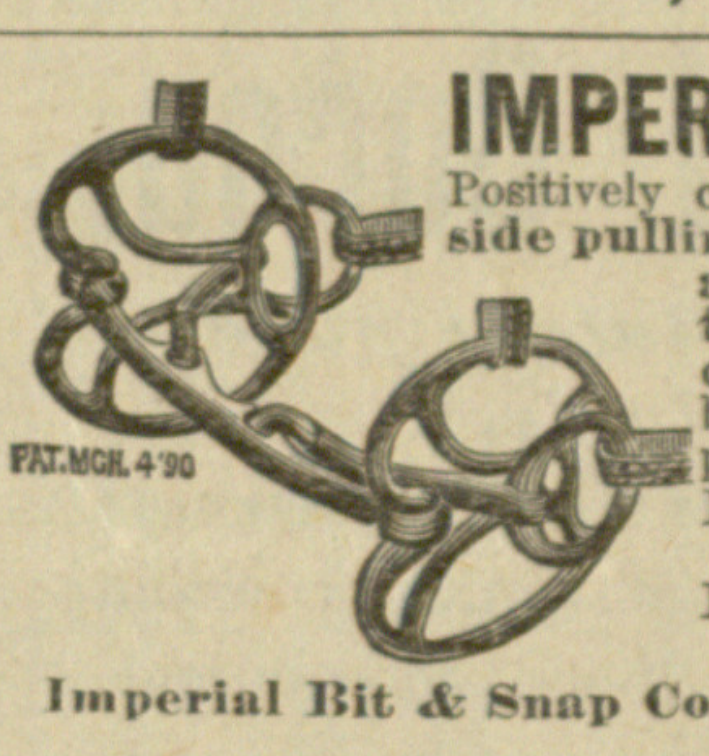

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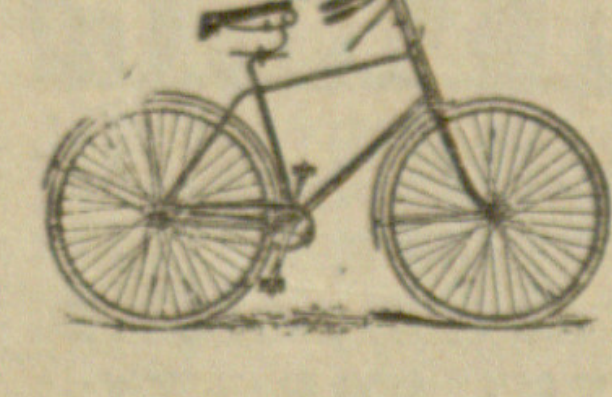

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30-inch wheels fitted with Morgan & Wright pneumatic tire, best steel tubing, tangent spokes, Garford saddle, diamond frame, ball-bearings all over. Best value ever offered.
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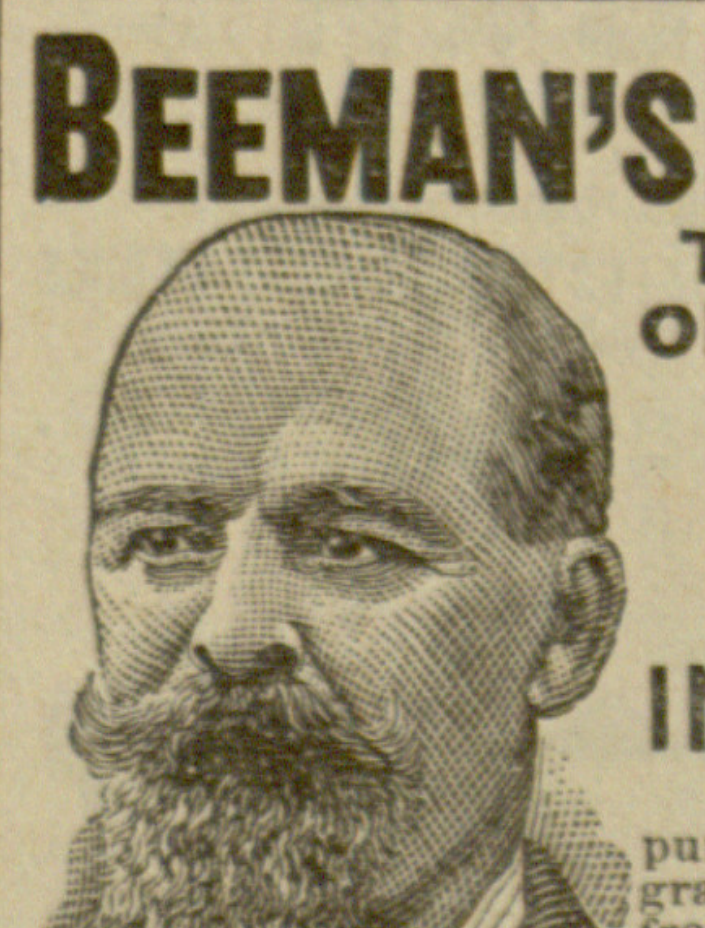

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A DELICIOUS REMEDY
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CAUTION—See that the name **Beeman** is on each wrapper.
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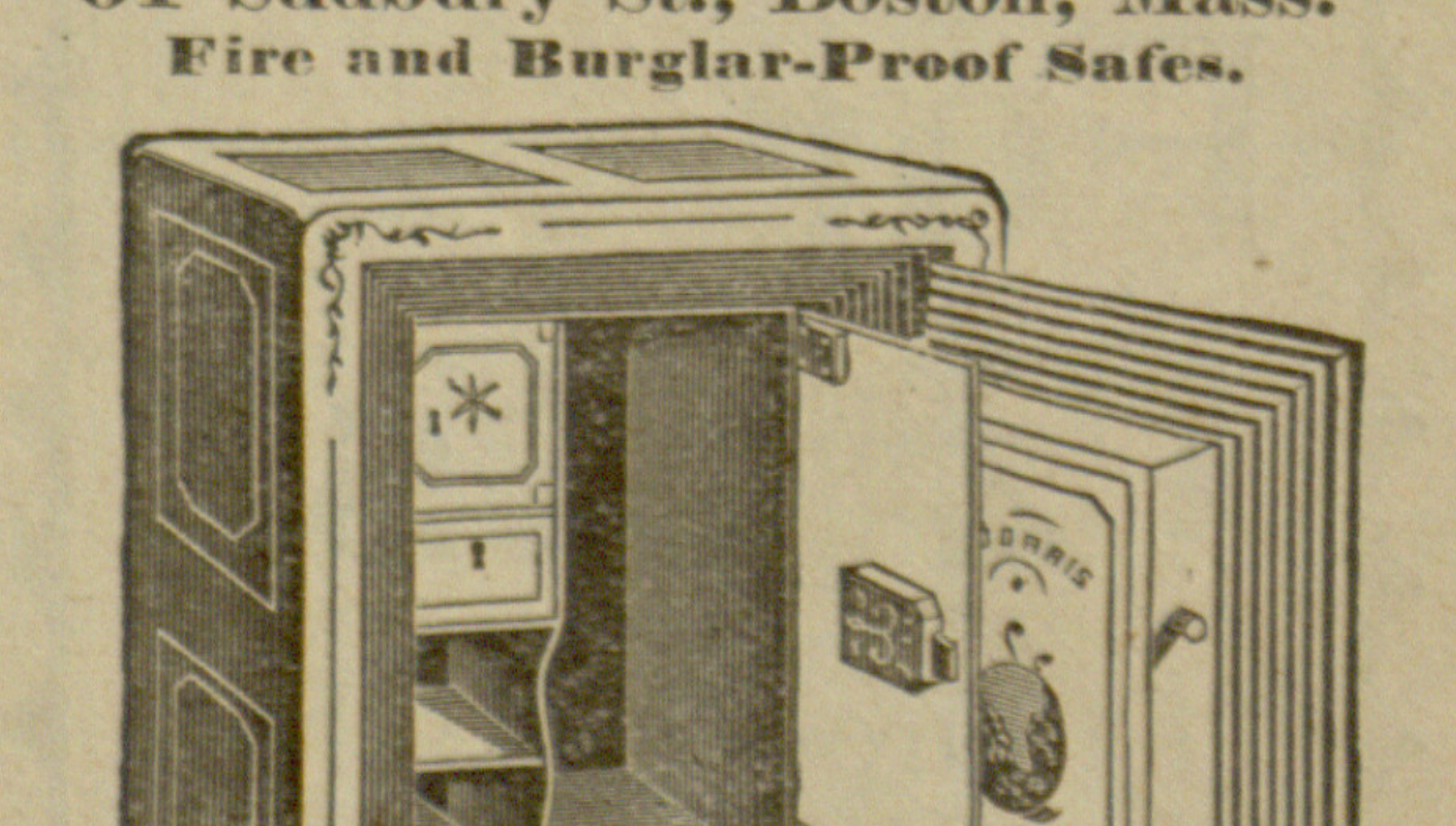

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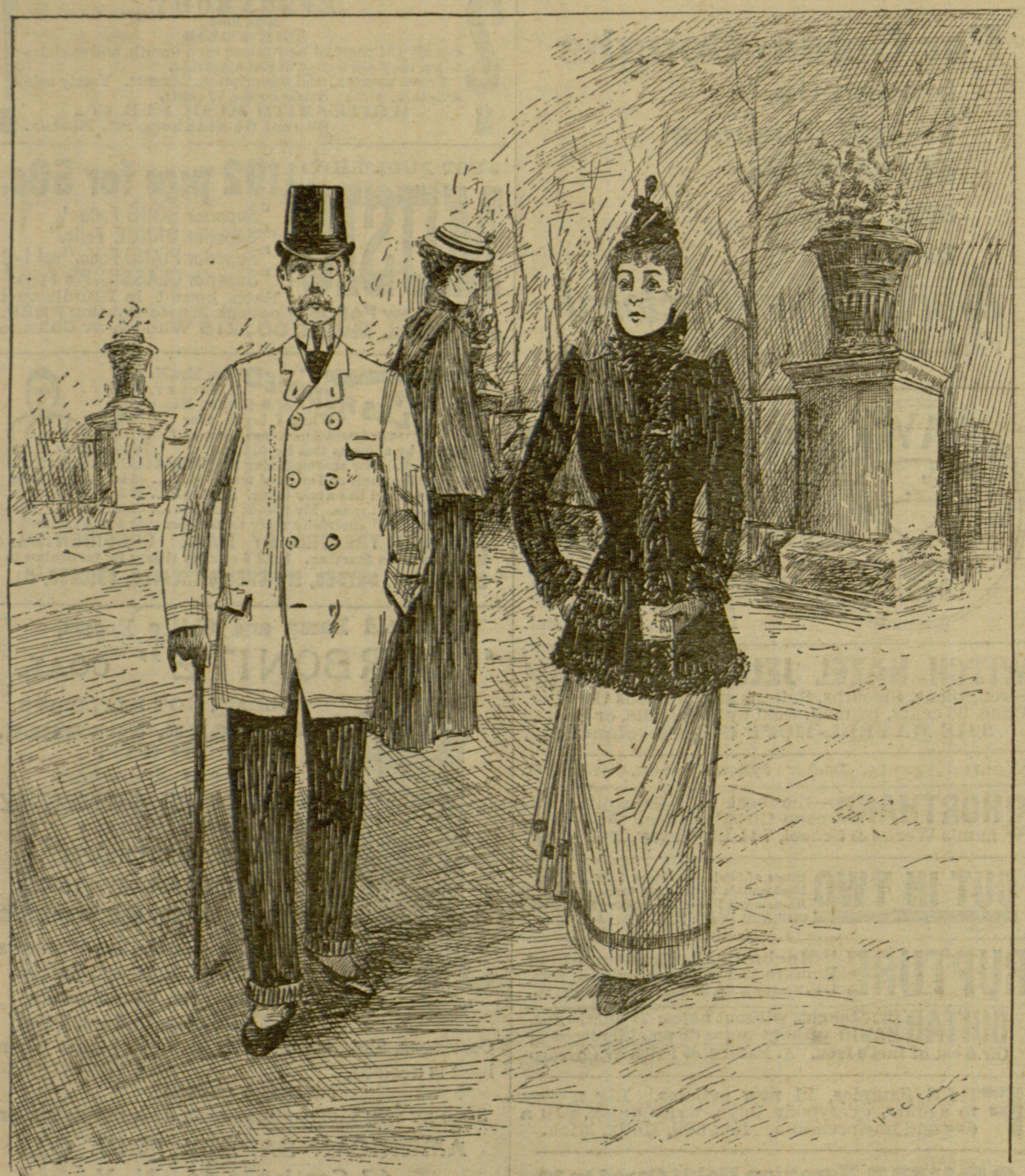
100 *Banks sold within one year.* Specifications and estimates furnished upon application. Agents wanted.



MAUDE: Are you never going to marry, Mr. Smithson?

SMITHSON: No; my governor says that he cannot possibly take care of another one, and actually wants to cut down my allowance.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
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Breakfast Cocoa,
which is absolutely pure and soluble.

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A 14-karat gold filled or coin-silver case makes a beautiful watch to look at. Jeweled works, stem-set and stem wind are practical points. They stand the test in the new *quick-winding* "Waterbury." **Your jeweler will tell you about it. 14**

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SHREWD Cyclers always post themselves before purchasing wheels. We ask you to become posted about the **IMPERIAL WHEELS.** Our catalogue will help you. Send for it.

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COLUMBIA
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January
Sunday
1

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Neva's Three Lovers.

BY
MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.
Author of "Beatrix Rohan," "Lady Kildare," "Her Double Life," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. M. GREGORY.

12mo. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

Mrs. Lewis's new novel is one to interest every reader, young and old. It is a good story. The heroine is an unusual character, and the plot and incidents in which she plays such an important part excite in the mind of the reader a deep feeling of admiration and of profound interest in her fortunes. The novels of Mrs. Lewis, beginning with "Her Double Life," have all enjoyed immense popularity. They furnish delightful reading and recreation, and the scenes described in such vivid language linger in the memory. Mrs. Lewis was a great traveller, and visited the most picturesque and lovely portions of the Old World, and she used her experiences to entertain and delight her readers.

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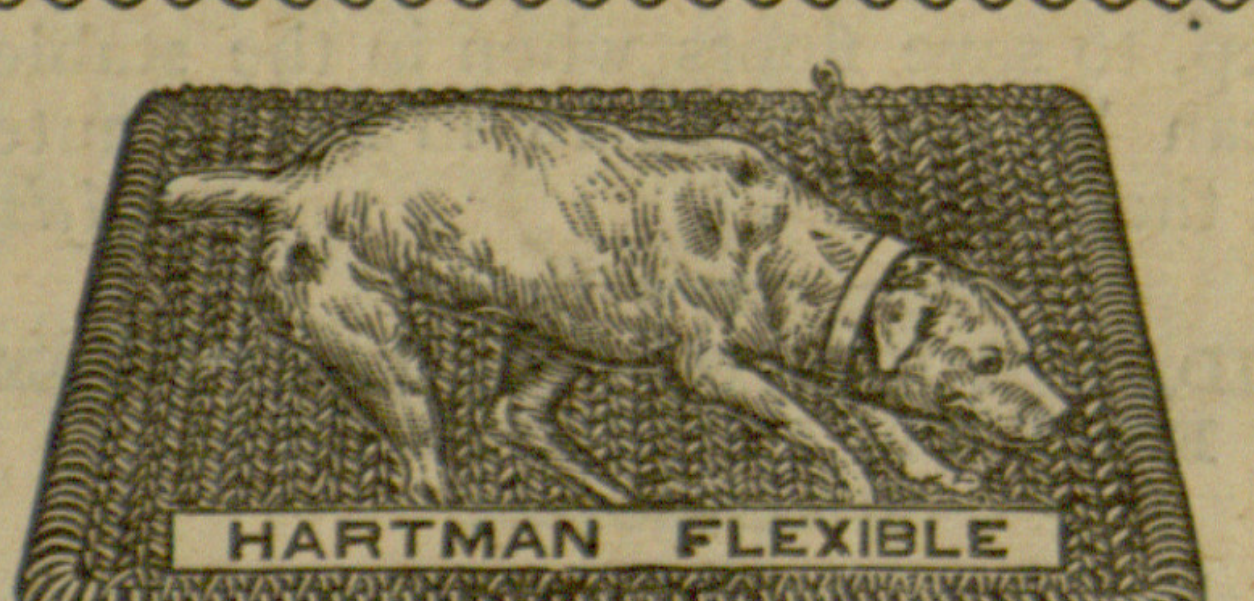

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